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# FORBIDDEN WORLDS

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EXPLORING *the* SUPERNATURAL!







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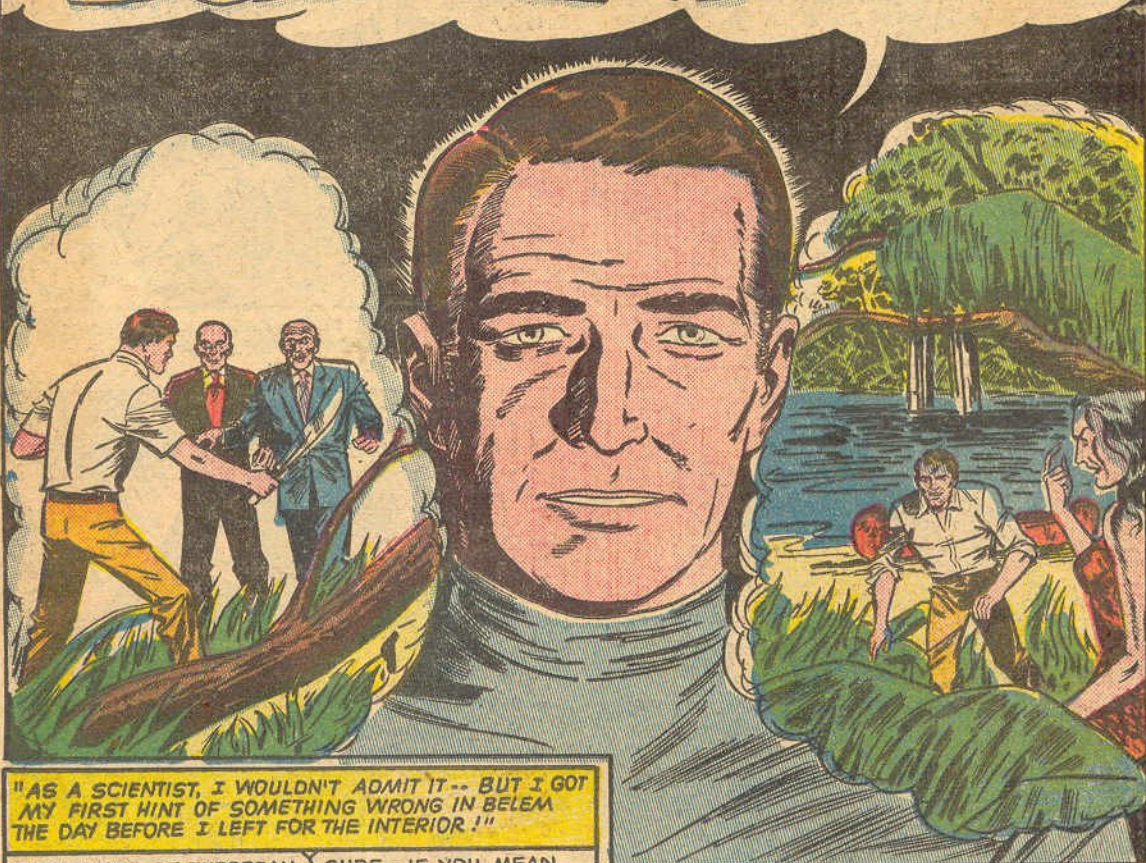
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"GUESS I'M NO DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER YOUNG MEDICAL RESEARCHER! I WANTED TO DO BIG THINGS-- ESPECIALLY IF THEY TIED IN WITH ADVENTURE-- THE KIND OF EXPERIENCES FEW MEN HAVE EVER SHARED! I DIDN'T DREAM THAT THE BACK COUNTRY OF BRAZIL WOULD HOLD MORE THAN I BARGAINED FOR-- OR THAT THE ONLY MEN TO SHARE MY EXPERIENCES THERE WOULD BE THOSE WHOSE LIFELESS EYES FOLLOWED A STRANGE TRAIL BY MOONLIGHT--TOWARD..."

# The DOMAIN of the DEAD



"AS A SCIENTIST, I WOULDN'T ADMIT IT-- BUT I GOT MY FIRST HINT OF SOMETHING WRONG IN BELEM THE DAY BEFORE I LEFT FOR THE INTERIOR!"

THOUSANDS OF EUROPEAN SETTLERS ARE WAITING TO COLONIZE THE AREA YOU WILL VISIT, MR. TERRY-- AND THAT IS WHY WE NEED YOUR FIRSTHAND REPORT ON MALARIA CONTROL! BUT DO YOU REALLY WANT TO GO-- ARE YOU AWARE OF THE RISKS?

SURE-- IF YOU MEAN FEVER-- HOSTILE TRIBES -- AND MILES OF UN-EXPLORED JUNGLE! BUT IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING ELSE IN MIND, DOCTOR-- NOW'S THE TIME TO SAY SO!

HOW CAN I EXPLAIN A MENACE I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT? HOW CAN I ASK YOU TO BELIEVE THAT ALTHOUGH HUNDREDS OF MEN HAVE DIED OF MALARIA IN THAT REGION, YOU'LL SEE NOT A SINGLE GRAVE-- BECAUSE THEIR BODIES HAVE NEVER BEEN FOUND?





"I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT JUMBA THEM! AS I SAY, I'M A SCIENTIST-- AND I THOUGHT I HAD ALL THE ANSWERS!"

NOT A SINGLE BODY? BUT SUPPOSE IT'S A PARTICULARLY VIOLENT TYPE OF MALARIA --- ONE THAT SENDS A DYING MAN WANDERING DELIRIOUSLY OFF INTO THE JUNGLE?

THAT IS WHAT WE HOPE YOU'LL FIND OUT, TERRY! YOUR NATIVE BOATSMEN WILL TAKE YOU AS FAR AS A TRADING POST RUN BY A MAN NAMED CARLOS-- AND FROM THEN ON-- I WISH YOU LUCK!

"FOR FIVE DAYS, I LISTENED TO THE MONOTONOUS BEAT OF THE PADDLES! THEN-- BIT BY BIT-- I NOTICED A CHANGE IN THE BOATMEN!"

YESTERDAY THEY WERE SINGING-- WHAT'S COME OVER 'EM? THEY KEEP PEERING INTO THE JUNGLE-- AND MUTTERING AMONG THEMSELVES!

"THAT NIGHT--"

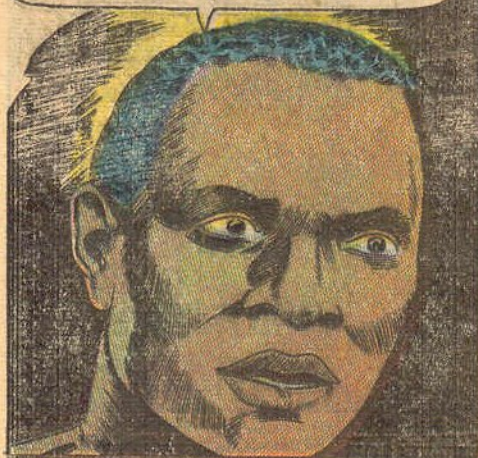
WE COME NOW TO TRADING POST-- YOU WILL FIND SMALLER BOAT THERE! WE COME BACK FOR YOU-- MAYBE FIVE, SIX DAYS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN-- COME BACK? I KNEW I'D HAVE TO PUSH ON ALONE FROM THIS POINT-- BUT I UNDERSTOOD YOU'D KEEP THE BOAT HERE-- AND WAIT FOR ME!



"I WATCHED THE FADING FLASH OF MOONLIGHT ON THEIR OARS-- AND AS I GROPE FOR ANSWERS-- I HEARD A VOICE!"

NO-- NO! WE NOT WAIT FOR YOU HERE! IN FIVE, SIX DAYS WE BRING BOAT WITH SUPPLIES! WE WILL LOOK FOR YOU-- IF YOU ARE STILL ALIVE!



YOU WILL KNOW WHERE TO FIND JUMBA! YOU WILL COME TO JUMBA-- TONIGHT!



"UNMISTAKABLY-- A WOMAN'S VOICE! AND IN ITS OWN HORRIBLE WAY-- THE VOICE THAT REPLIED WAS ALSO UNMISTAKABLE!"

TELL ME-- TELL ME, JUMBA! WHAT IS IT ABOUT YOU-- THAT MAKES ME-- AFRAID?

THAT CAN'T BE ANYONE BUT CARLOS! AND FROM THE WAY HE'S GASPING-- I'VE REACHED HERE JUST IN TIME TO WATCH HIM DIE!



JUMBA-- JUMBA!

YE GODS-- WHOEVER SHE IS-- SHE'S VANISHING!



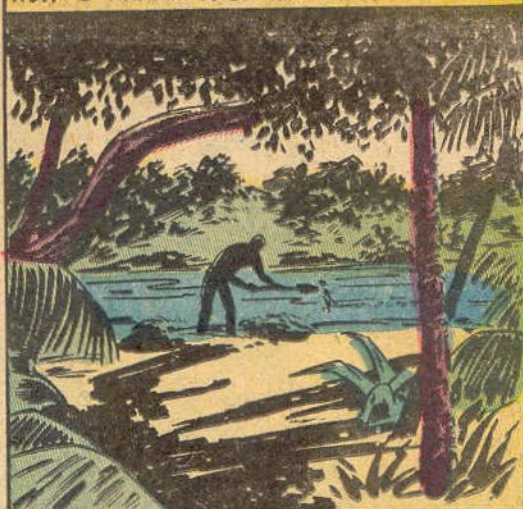


"FROM SOMEWHERE, HER LAUGHTER TINKLED LIKE A DARK AND HIDDEN STREAM -- AND AS I TURNED TOWARD CARLOS--"

HA!  
HA!  
HA!

LORD KNOWS HOW MUCH THE POOR DEVIL NEEDED QUININE, BUT THERE'S JUST ONE THING HE NEEDS NOW-- A GRAVE!

"I SPENT THE REST OF THE NIGHT DIGGING! SOMEHOW-- I WANTED TO GET HIM BURIED-- FAST!"



"AND YET EVERY TIME I STOPPED TO GET MY BREATH, THERE SEEMED TO BE THAT HOLLOW VOICE-- CALLING OVER AND OVER AGAIN FROM THE TRADING POST--"

JUM-  
BA--  
JUMBA!



"IT WAS NEARLY DAWN WHEN I FINISHED-- AND THEN I SAW TWO FIGURES WALKING TOWARD THE RIVER! AT FIRST I THOUGHT THEY WERE INDIANS -- UNTIL I HEARD--"



MY GOD-- THAT LAUGH!  
IT'S HER-- JUMBA--  
BUT WHO'S THAT  
PLODDING  
BESIDE  
HER?

HA! HA!  
HA!

"I FOUND OUT WHEN I RUSHED INSIDE--"

CARLOS! I CHECKED HIS PULSE-- HE DIED IN THIS BED-- BUT IT'S EMPTY!



"ALL THAT DAY-- AS I WORKED IN THE MOSQUITO-INFESTED SHALLOWS--"

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED! IT MUST HAVE BEEN JUST AN INTENSE FEVER THAT MADE CARLOS SEEM DEAD-- BUT HE'S ALIVE-- AND I'M GOING TO SEE HIM AGAIN!



"THE FIRST THING I NOTICED WHEN I RETURNED TO CAMP AT DUSK WERE MY OARS-- SHATTERED! AND THEN-- REARING GAUNTLY OUT OF THE TENT--"



CARLOS! I KNEW HE WAS ALIVE-- HE'S COME AFTER MEDICINE!



"BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THAT MOTION-- LIKE A PUPPET-- LIKE A THING THAT **SHOULDN'T** HAVE MOVED BY ITSELF--"



**HOLY MACKEREL-- THAT'S MY ENTIRE SUPPLY OF QUININE!**



"I KNEW IT IN A FLASH-- EVEN BEFORE I FELT HIS COLD, RIGID HAND-- AND SAW THE GLAZED STARE THAT GLITTERED IN THE TWILIGHT!"

**YE GODS-- HE'S A ZOMBIE! HE WAS SENT HERE TO DESTROY THE QUININE-- SO THAT I'LL BE THE NEXT TO DIE!**



"NUMBLY, I WATCHED HIM PLOD OFF INTO THE GLOOM-- AND ALL AROUND ME THE MOSQUITOS HUMMED-- LIKE A CHANT OF DOOM!"

**MALARIA! NOW I'M GOING TO KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE-- AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO CHECK IT!**



"I DIDN'T COUNT THE NIGHTS THAT FOLLOWED-- THE NIGHTS I FOUND MYSELF BABBLING IN THE DARKNESS-- TO HER!"

**JUMBA... ARE YOU WAITING FOR ME, JUMBA?**

**YES! SOON YOU WILL COME-- AND JOIN THE OTHERS!**



I WON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING-- IT'LL BE A PART OF THE JUNGLE NO LIVING MAN HAS EVER SEEN-- **BUT I KNOW WHAT I'LL FIND THERE! JUMBA-- JUMBA SURROUNDED BY THINGS WHOSE SOULS ARE *HERS*-- IN THE DOMAIN OF THE DEAD!**



**"ONE MORNING-- JUST BEFORE DAWN-- I MADE A FINAL EFFORT!"**

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE JUNGLE! THE NEXT TIME I SEE HER-- IT MAY BE THROUGH EYES FILMED OVER BY DEATH! SHE'LL HAVE WHAT SHE WANTS THEN-- **A LURCHING CORPSE!**





"BUT WOULD JUMBA LET ME ESCAPE-- NOW THAT I WAS SO NEARLY HERS? THAT WAS THE THOUGHT THAT CLUNG TO MY FEVER-RIDDEN MIND-- AS I TOTTERED OUT INTO THE SULTRY HAZE!"

ANYTHING WILL DO FOR OARS-- AS LONG AS I'M ABLE TO PADDLE THE BOAT-- AWAY FROM THIS CURSED JUNGLE!



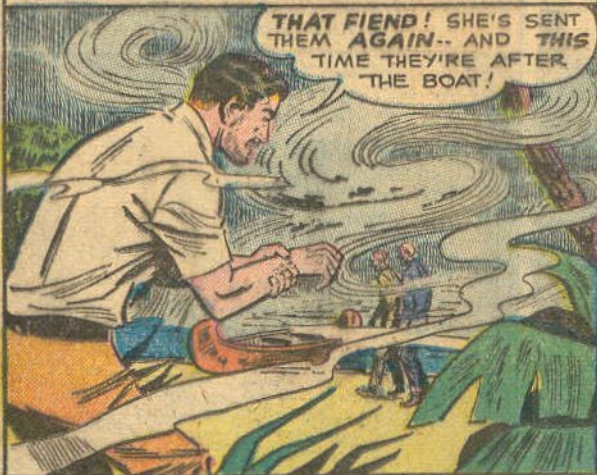
"I REELED IN THE MIDDLE OF A SWING-- AND AS THE HEAVY BLADE HISSED DOWN--"

BLAZES-- I'VE SLASHED MY ARM!



"TOO WEAK TO FEEL PAIN, I RAISED MY BURNING EYES-- AND THERE, IN THE MIST THAT SWIRLED ABOVE THE RIVER--"

"ONLY A MAN SEETHING WITH FEVER-- AFLAME WITH THE DESPERATE WILL TO LIVE-- COULD HAVE DONE WHAT I DID THEN!"



THAT FIEND! SHE'S SENT THEM AGAIN-- AND THIS TIME THEY'RE AFTER THE BOAT!



DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT BOAT MEANS TO ME? LIFE-- LIFE-- YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TOUCH IT!

POW!

"IN THE NEXT INSTANT, THE JUNGLE AND RIVER SEEMED TO WHIRL AROUND ME-- AS THEIR THUDDING BLOWS LANDED!"

"PANTING, I DULLY REMEMBERED THE MACHETE-- LYING A FEW INCHES AWAY, STILL GLISTENING WITH MY OWN BLOOD!"

"SOMEHOW, I GOT TO MY FEET-- STUMBLING FORWARD-- THE NEWLY-RISEN SUN FLASHING ON THE UPRaised BLADE!"



WAM!  
SOK!



YOU'RE GOING BACK-- BACK TO JUMBA-- WITHOUT ME!

AGH!



"IT WAS A YELL THAT SENT ECHOES OF ANGUISH SCREAMING THROUGH THE JUNGLE!--AND BEFORE MY ASTOUNDED EYES, THE WOUNDED ZOMBIE BECAME--"

**A HEAP OF BONES!**  
THAT THING DWINDLED  
BEFORE MY EYES--  
AND THIS IS WHAT'S  
LEFT! AND THE OTHER'S  
RUNNING BACK---TO  
**HER!**



HOW'D IT HAPPEN--WITH AN ORDINARY MACHETE?  
I'VE HAPPENED ON **SOMETHING** THESE  
CREEPS CAN'T WITHSTAND-- SOMETHING  
I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT-- **BEFORE**  
**I MEET THEM AGAIN!**



BUT DEDUCTIONS CAME HARD-- WHEN ONLY ONE  
THOUGHT CLANGED A WARNING OVER AND  
OVER IN MY FOGGED MIND!"

GET AWAY **NOW!** DON'T DIE IN THE JUNGLE--  
DON'T LET **HER** MAKE A STALKING  
HORROR OF YOUR SOUL!



"ALL THAT DAY, I PADDLED IN THE BLISTERING  
SUNLIGHT-- FEELING MY STRENGTH DWINDLE  
AS THE BOAT THREADED BETWEEN THE GREEN  
WALLS-- RISING LIKE THE JAWS OF  
A LIVING TRAP!"

**JUMBA-- YOU WON'T  
GET ME! YOU HEAR  
ME, JUMBA?**



"BY NIGHTFALL -- I GAVE UP ANY ATTEMPT TO GUIDE THE  
BOAT! FEVER-WRACKED, I WATCHED IT DRIFT--  
AWAY FROM THE MAIN STREAM!"

I'M HEADING UP A BRANCH RIVER... **WHY** AND **HOW**  
DOESN'T MATTER ANY MORE-- BUT IT'S STRANGE  
TO KEEP GOING LIKE THIS-- **AGAINST**  
**THE CURRENT!**



"DARK, PLODDING FORMS CAME AND WENT THROUGH  
THE MATTED UNDERBRUSH-- BUT IN THE THROES OF  
A FRESH CHILL-- I SCARCELY LOOKED UP!"

JUST BECAUSE I SEE THEM DOESN'T  
MEAN THEY EXIST! I'M SICK-- I'M  
DELIRIOUS-- YOU HEAR THAT, JUMBA?





"SOMETIMES THE RINGING IN MY EARS FADED OFF-- AND THEN I HEARD THE MOCKING LAUGHTER OF A WOMAN-- WAITING SOMEWHERE IN THE SWELTERING SHADOWS!"

HA HA HA! I'M HERE, TERRY-- ALL AROUND YOU, TERRY-- I'M GOING TO GET YOU, TERRY!

"LONG PAST MIDNIGHT, MY MIND CLEARED -- AND I DREW A DAMPENED MAP FROM MY POCKET! I WATCHED MY PALSIED FINGER TRACE OUT THE WORDS IN THE MOONLIGHT-- LETTER BY LETTER!"

THIS IS IT-- HERE'S WHERE I AM! RIO DAS MORTES-- AND THAT MEANS-- THE RIVER OF THE DEAD!



"I KNEW WHO WOULD BE WAITING WHEN THE BOAT TOUCHED SHORE -- MURMURING ENTICEMENTS IN THE YELLOW HAZE!"

TERRY-- TERRY! NOW THE FEVER WILL GO -- NOW THE STRUGGLE WILL END-- I PROMISE!

SURE... YOU PROMISE-- YOU PROMISE-- DEATH!

YE GODS--WHAT A JOKE! THERE I WAS TERRIFIED BY THE THOUGHT OF MY CORPSE BEING LURED TO JUMBA-- BUT WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN REACHING HERE ALIVE?



"THE NIGHT HUMMED WITH A THOUSAND SOUNDS-- AND ALL OF THEM MERGED IN THE PURRING BREATH OF HER VOICE!"

"BUT WHEN I SAW THEIR STARK AND HAGGARD FACES, RANK UPON RANK-- SOMETHING THEY HAD LOST RECOILED WITHIN ME -- THE WILL TO LIVE!"

IS DEATH BAD, TERRY-- IF IT MEANS BEING WITH ME-- FOREVER?

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE... I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE-- I KNOW WHAT I'LL BE-- AND I'M TOO FAR GONE TO CARE!

SOON YOU WILL YIELD YOUR LIFE AND SURRENDER YOUR SOUL-- AS THEY DID! AND ONCE IT HAPPENS-- THERE IS NO CHARM OR MAGIC ON EARTH THAT CAN DO YOU HARM!

IT ISN'T TRUE--THERE IS A WAY TO DESTROY THINGS LIKE JUMBA! I SAW IT HAPPEN-- AND MY SALVATION DEPENDS ON FIGURING OUT THE CAUSE!





WHAT HAPPENED-- JUST BEFORE THAT ZOMBIE VANISHED? I CUT HIM DOWN AT THE INSTANT OF DAWN-- RIGHT AFTER I SLASHED MYSELF-- MEANING THAT THE BLOOD OF A LIVING MAN ENTERED HIS BODY AT SUNRISE!



"FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE GLOOM I HEARD THE REEDY PIPING OF A WAKING BIRD-- AND AS MY FEVERED EYES CAUGHT A GREY SMUDGE IN THE EASTERN SKY--"

JUMBA-- I'M NOT A CORPSE YET! I DON'T KNOW HOW FAR I'LL GET-- BUT AS LONG AS I'M ABLE TO MOVE-- I'M HEADING AWAY FROM THE DOMAIN OF DEATH!

LISTEN-- HE THINKS HE CAN ESCAPE! AND EVERYWHERE HE TURNS, WE WILL BE WATCHING-- UNTIL HIS LAST CHOKING GASP!



"ONLY STARK FEAR STEELED ME FOR THE PATH I TOOK-- HURTLING THROUGH A PATCH OF MIMOSA WITH INCH-LONG THORNS-- THORNS THAT FLAYED MY SKIN WITH EVERY PANTING STEP!"

TERRY-- TERRY! HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU'LL LIVE?

I'M BLEEDING IN A DOZEN PLACES-- BUT I'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING-- UNTIL JUMBA'S BEEN TRICKED INTO FOLLOWING ME!



"AND SHE DID FOLLOW, HEEDLESS OF PAIN AND THE REDDENED THORNS THAT MARKED MY TRAIL-- UNTIL-- AT THE FIRST GOLDEN FLARE OF SUNRISE--"

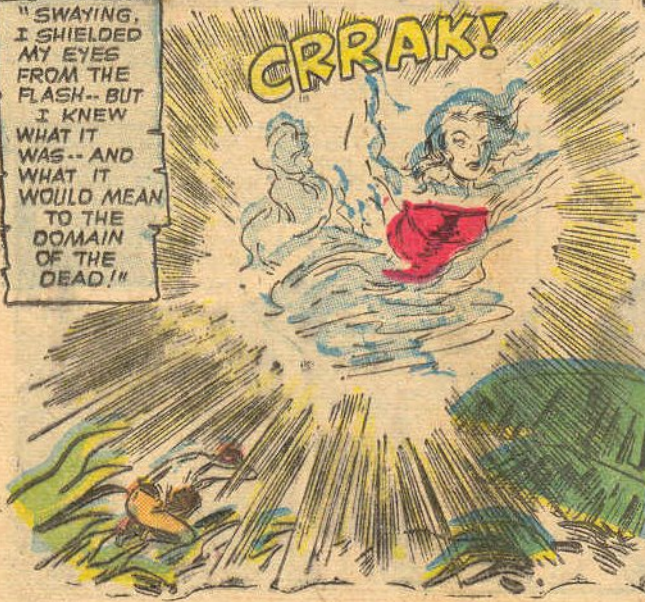
AGHH! THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING WRONG-- I'VE JUST BEEN SCRATCHED BY A FEW HARMLESS THORNS!

TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE THORNS, JUMBA! THAT'S MY BLOOD-- AND IT'S COURSEING THROUGH YOUR BODY AT EXACTLY THE RIGHT MOMENT-- DAWN!



"SWAYING, I SHIELDED MY EYES FROM THE FLASH-- BUT I KNEW WHAT IT WAS-- AND WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO THE DOMAIN OF THE DEAD!"

CRRRAK!



"WHETHER I PADDOLED OR DRIFTED BACK TO THE MAIN STREAM-- I'LL NEVER KNOW! AND I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH OF THIS WAS A FEVERED DREAM-- EXCEPT THAT WHEN THE RETURNING BOATMEN FOUND ME--"

THANK HEAVEN YOU BROUGHT GUININE! ANOTHER FEW HOURS-- AND FOR THE FIRST TIME-- THERE WOULD BE A CORPSE WAITING TO BE BURIED IN THE JUNGLE!

YES-- YOU NEARLY DIE! WE KNOW-- BECAUSE OVER AND OVER YOU SAY ONE THING! "WAIT, JUMBA! WAIT-- WAIT-- MAYBE I FIND YOU!"



The End



# The HAUNTED GALLERY

**I**N 1541, QUEEN CATHERINE OF ENGLAND WAS PLUNGED INTO PRISON ON ORDERS OF KING HENRY VIII, WHO ACCUSED HIS WIFE OF CRIMES OF STATE MERELY BECAUSE HE'D GROWN TIRED OF HER!

I AM INNOCENT OF ALL THE CRIMES I'M CHARGED WITH---YOU MUST LET ME GO TO THE KING AND PLEAD MY CASE!



I AM SORRY, YOUR HIGHNESS---THE KING'S ORDERS ARE THAT YOU BE KEPT HERE UNTIL THE DAY OF YOUR EXECUTION!

**B**UT ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 4TH, 1541, CATHERINE MANAGED TO ESCAPE FROM HER CELL THROUGH THE CONNIVANCE OF SOME FRIENDS---AND RAN ALONG THE GALLERY AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE TOWARD THE ORATORY ROOM WHERE SHE KNEW KING HENRY WAS! SUDDENLY---

SOUND THE ALARM---THE QUEEN HAS ESCAPED!



**A**T THE VERY DOOR OF THE ORATORY---

HENRY---HENRY---SAVE ME!



**B**UT THE QUEEN'S PLEAS FELL ON DEAF EARS---AND ON FEBRUARY 13TH, 1542, SHE WAS BEHEADED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON!

MERCY---MERCY---I BEG OF YOU!

MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON YOU! LET FALL THE BLADE!



**E**VER SINCE THEN, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 4TH, WATCHERS AT THE HAMPTON COURT PALACE CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN A GHOSTLY APPARITION FLIT DOWN THE GALLERY TO THE ORATORY ROOM, LOOKING FEARFULLY BEHIND IT AS IF AT INVISIBLE PURSUERS!

**A**ND AT THE DOOR OF THE ORATORY, THE GHOST OF QUEEN CATHERINE IS SAID TO BE FORCIBLY DRAGGED AWAY BY INVISIBLE HANDS, WHILE GHOSTLY SHRIEKS ECHO ALONG THE GALLERY UNTIL THE APPARITION FINALLY DISAPPEARS IN THE SHADOWS---UNTIL THE FOLLOWING NOVEMBER 4TH!

HENRY---HENRY---SAVE ME!





# The SORCERER'S PLAY-KIT

KETAN BANGED HIS fist down so hard on the table that the calendar on the wall shook...the calendar that read June 19th, 2876 A. D.

"Didn't I tell you to stay out of my laboratory?" Ketan roared. "What are you doing at the controls of my time machine? Answer me, before I whale the neutrons out of you!"

Little nine-year-old Ketan, Jr., backed away fearfully from his angry father. "L... I didn't mean any harm," he stammered. "L...I just got tired of that Sorcerer's Play-Kit you gave me last Christmas... but instead of throwing it out, I...I thought maybe some kid of a thousand years or so ago would like to play with it. So I j...just put the kit inside the time chamber, turned the dials backward a couple of turns...and...and pressed the button."

"Oh, no!" Ketan groaned, rushing to the window of the time chamber. But it was too late...the chamber was empty...the kit was gone. Feverishly, then, Ketan stooped to look at the dial settings, and groaned even louder. "Ohh, you sent it back to the year 1952...a period when most of the population still didn't believe in sorcery and phantoms and demons. The scientific mastery of sorcery wasn't perfected until 2089...so that means whoever finds that Sorcerer's Kit in 1952 won't know how to control any of the supernatural beings he summons up!"

Even little Ketan, Jr., was now alarmed at the enormity of his deed. "But...but daddy, can't you go into the time chamber and go back to 1952 and bring the kit back?"

"No, the temporal laws forbid anyone to indulge in time travel in the 20th Century...it was a period of great ignorance and superstition, a time when people still didn't believe in the possibility of time travel, so that anyone who claimed to be a visitor from the future would be instantly clapped into a mental institution.

No, Junior, I can't risk my life by going back to 1952...we'll just have to hope that the Sorcerer's Play-Kit falls into an uninhabited area where no one will ever find it!"

"Golly," exclaimed 14-year-old Billy Johnson, "you mean that box just fell down from the sky right in your back yard?"

"Yeah," said Billy's pal, Hank Cassidy. "It's supposed to be a sorcerer's kit! I already read the book of instructions, but I thought I'd better call you over before I tried doing anything with it...it's all so spooky!"

"Like what?" Billy demanded curiously.

"Well, the book said if I dip that sorcerer's wand into the bottle of black liquid, one of the Phantoms of the Night will appear! But then it says, 'The Phantoms can easily be controlled by means of the anti-Phantom incantations which every child learns in the first grade.' Golly, Billy, we never learned that kind of stuff in first grade!"

"Gowan, I bet nothing happens if you stick that old wand into that bottle!"

"I bet it will, too!" Hank shouted, feeling that any slur against his great discovery was a personal insult to him as well. "I'll show you...watch!"

The instant Hank stuck the odd-looking wand into the black liquid, a monstrous black shape whooshed out of the bottle. When it had assumed its full size, the Phantom of the Night hesitated uncertainly, wondering why the two terrified boys in front of it didn't utter the brief phrase that would make the Phantom their obedient servant, as had happened innumerable times before. But when the boys turned and fled, the Phantom realized that at last he had his freedom...and he bent down in evil delight, knowing he could use the kit to summon up more of his fiendish brethren into this new, hospitable world.



# The FLAPPING HEAD



**T**HERE WAS A NIGHT WHEN THE ANCIENT CASTLE HARBORED THREE PRESENCES NO HUMAN WOULD WANT TO SEE! THE FIRST WAS DEATH ITSELF...THE SECOND A PHANTOM FATED FOR A GRISLY MISSION...AND THE **THIRD** WAS THE THING THAT BECAME THE **FLAPPING HEAD**!

**A**T A CENTRAL EUROPEAN AIRPORT...

BUD...YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE **WORKING** HERE...NOT LURING YOUR BEST GIRL SEVERAL THOUSAND MILES SO YOU CAN **MARRY** HER!

HONEY, I'VE SPENT A YEAR HERE AS A STAFF ARCHITECT...REBUILDING A RUINED CASTLE AS A NATIONAL SHRINE--AND IT'S BEEN A YEAR WITHOUT **YOU**! WELL, EXCEPT FOR A FEW MINOR TOUCHES, THE JOB'S **FINISHED**...THE REST OF THE STAFF HAS LEFT...SO CAN YOU BLAME ME FOR THINKING THE CASTLE'S JUST THE PLACE FOR A **HONEY-MOON**?



**A**N HOUR LATER...BRISTLING AGAINST THE EVENING HAZE...

YOUR RECONSTRUCTED CASTLE'S A FORBIDDING-LOOKING PLACE, BUD...BUT YOU'VE CERTAINLY BUILT IT TO LAST!

YEP...UNLESS THERE'S ANOTHER EARTHQUAKE IN THESE PARTS! THAT'S WHAT TOPPLED THE CASTLE AND MOST OF THE NEARBY VILLAGE...A **HUNDRED YEARS** AGO!



**E**NSEIDE...WHERE THE ANCIENT STONE SEEMS TO HOARD ITS ANCIENT SHADOWS...

BUD, COULDN'T YOU HAVE ADDED A **FEW** MODERN IMPROVEMENTS...LIKE **ELECTRIC LIGHTS**?

MY JOB WAS TO **RESTORE**, SALLY...NOT **RENOVATE**! WAIT RIGHT THERE...AND I'LL BRING DOWN AN ARMPFUL OF CANDLES!





THEN---RISING ABOVE BUD'S FADING FOOTSTEPS---

I WAS WONDERING IF I SAW  
SOMEONE, AND NOW I'M SURE  
---BECAUSE THERE'S A  
STRANGE CHUCKLING  
NOISE COMING FROM  
THAT DOORWAY!

HEH  
HEH  
HEH!

FOR AN INSTANT, THE HUNCHED FIGURE WAVERE AT THE  
EDGE OF THE MOONLIGHT---THEN, HALF-CREEPING---HALF-  
HOBBLING---

YOU NEEDN'T BE  
AFRAID! THEY THINK THE  
CASTLE'S LIKE IT USED  
TO BE---BUT IT ISN'T  
---WITHOUT  
HIM!

HEH-HEH! I  
WAS SUPPOSED  
TO LIVE HERE  
ONCE---AS HIS  
BRIDE! BUT HE  
DIED---I SAW  
HIM DIE---AND  
THAT'S WHY  
YOU DON'T HAVE  
TO BE AFRAID!

BUD---BUD!  
DON'T LEAVE  
ME ALONE  
WITH HER!

SILVANA! GREAT GUNS  
---YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE  
SCARED SALLY LIKE THAT!

BUT I TOLD HER NOT TO BE  
AFRAID! WHY SHOULD SHE BE  
---IF HE'S DEAD?

GOOD HEAVENS, BUD---I  
THOUGHT SHE WAS A  
GHOST! I'VE NEVER  
SEEN ANYONE SO  
POSITIVELY  
ANCIENT!

YEP, SILVANA'S OLD, HONEY---AND NO  
ONE AROUND HERE SEEMS TO KNOW  
EXACTLY HOW OLD! WE FOUND HER  
LIVING IN THE RUINS---AND NOW THAT  
THE CASTLE'S REBUILT, I HAVEN'T HAD  
THE HEART TO MAKE  
HER LEAVE!

SALLY---YOU'VE GOT TO  
BEAR IN MIND THAT  
PEOPLE HER AGE  
SOMETIMES DON'T  
MAKE SENSE! IT MAY  
BE A BIT UNNERVING  
---BUT TRY TO CON-  
VINCE YOURSELF THAT  
SHE'S HARMLESS!

I KNOW SHE WAS JUST TRYING TO  
REASSURE ME, BUD---BUT  
THAT'S WHAT SCARES ME!  
WHO WAS IT SHE SAW  
DIE?

NEXT MORNING---WITH STREAMERS OF TIRED SUN-  
LIGHT SWEEPING THE HALL---

I'D LOVE TO GET  
AWAY FROM THE  
GLOOM, BUD---  
AND TAKE A  
LOOK AROUND  
THE GROUNDS!

CAN'T THAT WAIT FOR  
A DAY OR SO? I MEN-  
TIONED A FEW ODDS AND  
ENDS I HAVE TO ATTEND  
TO, HONEY---AND ONE  
OF THEM IS A LOWER  
VAULT THAT'S STILL  
PARTLY BLOCKED!



**M**INUTES LATER...IN A PASSAGE-  
WAY CHOKED BY DEBRIS AND THE  
MUTED ECHOES OF THE PAST...

YOU'RE SHARING AN  
OCCASION, SALLY...  
BECAUSE I HAVEN'T  
BEEN DOWN HERE  
BEFORE!

YOU HAVEN'T?  
THEN THIS IS A  
GOOD TIME TO  
WAIT...UNTIL  
YOU TELL ME  
WHAT THAT  
LIGHT'S DO-  
ING UP  
AHEAD!

DON'T GET RATTLED,  
SALLY! I DON'T KNOW WHO  
IT CAN BE...BUT THERE IS  
SOMEONE JUST BEYOND  
THAT TURN...  
**DIGGING!**

**BLAM!  
BLAM!**

**P**ANTING AND STRAINING IN THE  
YELLOW LAMP GLOW...

SILVANA!

**CRASH!**

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING? THIS VAULT'S  
BEEN PARTLY CLEARED...  
AND YOU'RE BLOCKING  
IT UP AGAIN!

IT IS BETTER THAT  
WAY! I KNOW...BECAUSE  
I AM OLD...**BECAUSE**  
I SAW HIM DIE!

**A**S SILVANA MOVES OFF...HER SHADOW TOTTERING  
AHEAD OF HER...

THAT MAY SOUND LIKE  
THE HARMLESS MUMBLING OF  
AN OLD WOMAN, BUD... BUT NOW  
I'M SURE IT **MEANS** SOME-  
THING...SOMETHING THAT  
MAKES MY FLESH  
CRAWL!

WAIT UP! THERE'S A  
DOOR I NEVER KNEW  
EXISTED...HALF-  
HIDDEN BEHIND  
THE RUBBLE!

BUD...HADN'T WE BETTER  
LEAVE IT ALONE? IF SILVANA  
**DID** HAVE A REASON FOR  
BLOCKING THE VAULT...  
HER PURPOSE WAS  
TO HIDE THAT  
DOOR!

SURE...SHE'S FULL  
OF QUIRKS! I'M  
GOING IN...IT'S  
PART OF MY JOB!

**F**OR A MOMENT, THE STORED-UP DARKNESS SEEMS TO  
SWALLOW THE LAMPLIGHT...AND THEN...GLEAMING ON  
THE MUSTY FLOOR...

BUD... THEY'RE  
BONES!

TAKE IT EASY, HONEY!  
IT'S A SKELETON,  
ALL RIGHT... BUT  
AT LEAST IT  
ISN'T **HUMAN!**



IN FACT, SALLY—I CAN'T QUITE GUESS **WHAT** IT IS! THE HEAD'S GONE...BUT THE **REST** SEEMS TO RESEMBLE AN ANCIENT **PTERODACTYL!**

YOU MEAN ONE OF THOSE FLYING REPTILES THAT LIVED IN PREHISTORIC TIMES? BUT WHAT WOULD ITS BONES BE DOING **HERE?**

WHO KNOWS... MAYBE THE FORMER OWNER OF THE CASTLE WAS INTERESTED IN NATURAL HISTORY! I'LL TOTE THIS THING UP TO THE MAIN HALL... AND MAYBE I'LL HAVE TIME TO LOOK IT OVER **TOMORROW!**

**THAT NIGHT...**

I **STILL** THINK OLD SILVANA DIDN'T WANT US TO FIND THOSE BONES! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO CONVINCE BUD...I'M GOING TO WATCH AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS NOW THAT THEY'VE BEEN **UNCOVERED!**

**M**INUTES LATER...AS IF THE DARKNESS GAVE A HINT OF A NEARING PRESENCE...

SOMETHING'S MOVING NEAR THE WINDOW! AND I KNOW WHO IT'LL BE... **SILVANA!**

**T**HEN...FLITTING THROUGH THE MURKY GLOOM...

**GOOD HEAVENS!**

**I**N THE NEXT HORROR-LADEN INSTANT...

**OH! THAT... THAT HEAD TOOK ONE OF THE BONES...IT'S FLAPPING AWAY WITH IT!**

**SALLY! YE GODS...WHAT'S WRONG?**

BUD...DON'T TELL ME IT WAS **IM-POSSIBLE!** I SAW IT... I SAW IT!

I'M NOT SAYING ANYTHING WHILE SALLY'S IN **THIS** STATE...BUT THERE'S SILVANA...**WATCH-ING!** MAYBE SALLY WAS RIGHT, ABOUT HER IN THE FIRST PLACE...MAYBE IT WAS **SILVANA** WHO TOOK THE BONE FOR SOME WARPED REASON...GIVING SALLY SUCH A SHOCK THAT SHE MERELY **IMAGINED** SHE SAW THE FLAPPING HEAD!

**C**HILLING AS THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF A GHOST...DOUBT NOVERS THROUGH BUD'S MIND!

I **WONDER...** SOMEONE OR SOMETHING IS INTERESTED IN GETTING THOSE BONES...AND **TOMORROW NIGHT...I'M GOING TO BE WATCHING TO FIND OUT!**



**THE FOLLOWING NIGHT---**

I'M SURE WE WON'T SEE ANYTHING **YET**, BUD! WE'RE EARLY---IT WAS EXACTLY MIDNIGHT WHEN I SAW THE FLAPPING HEAD!

WAIT---HEAR THAT? SOUNDS LIKE SLOW FOOT- STEPS--- **COMING CLOSER!**



**H**UNCHED AND MUTTERING IN FEEBLE MOONLIGHT---

I WILL NOT SEE HIM DIE AGAIN---BUT HE **WILL** DIE---TONIGHT!



**THEN, THROUGH THE BRISTLING GATEWAY---PAST THE RUSTLING HEDGES---**

YOU CAN'T CALL **THIS** A QUIRK, BUD! SHE TOOK THE BONES--- **ALL OF THEM!**

SHE'S STOPPING AT A MOUND---IT'S A **GRAVE** IF I EVER SAW ONE---AND **THERE'S** THE BONE THAT DISAPPEARED LAST NIGHT---**THRUST INTO THE TURF!**



LOOK---LOOK! SHE'S PUSHING THE OTHER BONES INTO THE MOUND---ONE BY ONE! BUD, WE NEEDN'T WONDER ANY MORE ABOUT SILVANA---THIS IS WITCHCRAFT---OR **SOME-THING WORSE!**



**S**UDDENLY---AS THE LAST BONE TOUCHES THE PULSING MOUND---

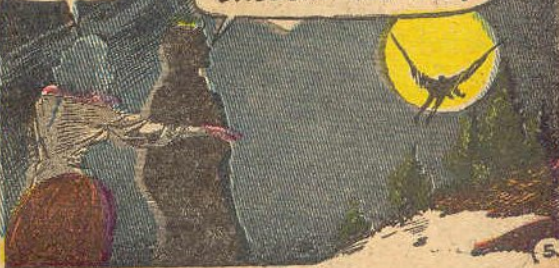


**F**OR AN INSTANT, THE BONES CLATTER TOGETHER LIKE GRISLY DRUMBEATS IN THE MOONLIGHT---THEN---AS THEY MERGE---



BUD, **THAT'S** THE FLAPPING HEAD I SAW---BUT **NOW** IT HAS A BODY---**IT'S A VAMPIRE!**

THAT EXPLAINS WHY THOSE BONES WE FOUND LACKED A **HEAD!** YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT WHAT YOU SAW LAST NIGHT, SALLY! THE ONLY WAY THE FLAPPING HEAD COULD COLLECT ITS BONES WAS TO CARRY THEM OFF, ONE BY ONE---UNTIL SILVANA **BROUGHT** THEM HERE!







BUT **WHY?** WHY DID SILVANA BRING THAT HIDEOUS THING TO LIFE AGAIN... **TONIGHT?**

I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE ANY WILD GUESSES! THE IMPORTANT THING RIGHT NOW IS THAT SILVANA'S HAD A SERIOUS SHOCK... AND AT HER AGE, THERE'S NO TELLING **WHAT'LL** HAPPEN!



WHY CAN'T BUD SEE THE TRUTH? SILVANA'S IN LEAGUE WITH EVIL... NOW MUCH MORE HORRIBLE PROOF WILL HE **NEED?**

FOR YEARS, I SLEPT UNDER THE STARS... UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE MOSSY RUINS! **TONIGHT,** LET ME LIE IN A BED... **HER** BED!



NO USE BEGRUDGING HER MY BED, BUD... I'M TOO NERVOUS TO SLEEP ANY WAY!

SUPPOSE WE WAIT IN THE MAIN HALL AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS? I'M CONVINCED OF ONE THING... WHEN SILVANA MUTTERED SHE SAW SOMEONE DIE... **SHE MEANT THE VAMPIRE!**



**AS MIDNIGHT STRIKES...**

IF THE BONES WERE STILL HERE ON THE TABLE, WE'D PROBABLY SEE THE FLAPPING HEAD! AND NOW THAT THE VAMPIRE'S RECLAIMED THEM... MAYBE WE'LL SEE **HIM!**



I JUST CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOMETHING OUTSIDE, SALLY... AND I CAN'T FIGURE WHETHER IT WAS A CLOUD PASSING OVER THE MOON... **OR A SHADOW!**



**GREAT GUNS... THE VAMPIRE!**

BUD THAT'S MY ROOM HE'S COMING OUT OF... **THE ROOM I'D ORDINARILY BE SLEEPING IN!**



HE'S READY TO SWOOP IN **HERE!** DON'T WASTE TIME, SALLY... **HIDE!**



**SECONDS LATER... WITH GLISTENING WINGS FANNING THE GLOOM...**

**HAA HA HA!** NOW THAT I'M READY FOR ANOTHER VICTIM, WHO COULD MAKE A BETTER ONE THAN **YOU**... THE VERY HUMAN WHO ENDED THE HALF-DEATH I KNEW AS THE **FLAPPING HEAD?**

YEP... I WAS FOOL ENOUGH TO UNCOVER YOUR BONES! BUT DON'T GLOAT **YET,** CREEP... IF SOMETHING DID YOU IN **ONCE...** IT CAN HAPPEN **AGAIN!**



ONLY IF I MAKE THE MISTAKE OF PREYING ON  
SOMEONE WHO IS MARKED FOR DEATH... **SOME-  
ONE WHO DOES NOT LIVE TO SEE THE  
DAWN!** THAT IS WHAT HAPPENED A HUNDRED  
YEARS AGO WHEN AN EARTHQUAKE STRUCK...  
KILLING SCORES... **INCLUDING A MAN  
WHO HAD FELT MY FANGS THAT VERY  
NIGHT!**



BUT THE SPIRIT  
FIXED **THAT**, EH  
...BY SENDING  
THE EARTHQUAKE-  
WEAKENED WALLS  
CRASHING DOWN  
ON YOUR HEAD-  
LESS BODY...  
**SO THAT YOU'D  
NEVER FIND  
IT!**

NO...NOT THE SPIRIT!  
THERE WAS A GIRL I IN-  
TENDED TO MARRY...  
AND SHE RUSHED TO THE  
CASTLE TO SEE IF I WAS  
SAFE! SHE REACHED HERE  
JUST IN TIME TO SEE HOW  
I DIED...JUST IN TIME  
TO REALIZE WHAT I WAS  
...**IN A BLINDING  
STAB OF HORROR  
THAT DROVE HER  
MAD!**

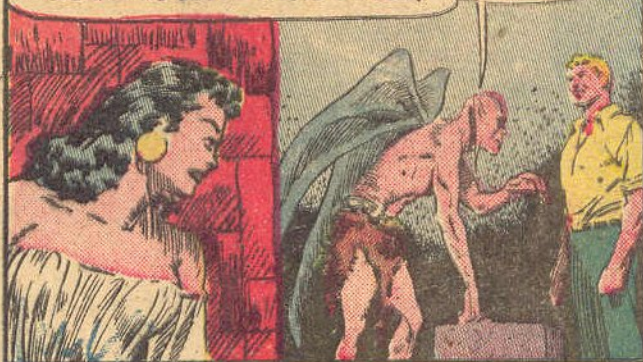


THE GIRL... **HERE?**  
THEN WHO WAS IN  
HER BED...WHO  
WAS MY **FIRST  
VICTIM TONIGHT?**

WHO PILED THE STONES, CREEP? AND  
WHO KNEW YOU WERE BOUND TO BE RE-  
STORED...AND GATHERED UP YOUR BONES  
TO MAKE **SURE** IT WOULD HAPPEN  
**TONIGHT?**



I KNEW **THEN** WHAT WOULD HAPPEN...THAT HIS SPIRIT WOULD  
COME TO MY DAMAGED CASTLE...AND DESTROY THE PART OF  
ME THAT WAS A **VAMPIRE!** AND THE PART OF ME THAT WAS  
**HUMAN** WOULD FLUTTER FOREVER AS THE **FLAPPING HEAD**  
...SEEKING ITS BODY...OR ITS BONES!



THE FLAPPING HEAD WATCHED  
HER...BUT WHAT COULD IT  
DO? SHE CROUCHED THERE  
IN THE RUINS, NIGHT AFTER  
NIGHT...SEASON UPON SEASON  
...AND SHE DID ONE  
**THING!** FIRST THE HEAVY  
SLABS A YOUNG GIRL COULD  
MOVE IN HER JABBERING  
FRENZY...THEN THE BRICKS  
THAT TREMBLED IN AN OLD  
WOMAN'S HAND...**AFTER  
A CENTURY OF  
PILING THEM ON  
ME!**



**THEN...WITH A HISSING  
SWOOP...**

**BUD...  
WATCH  
OUT!**



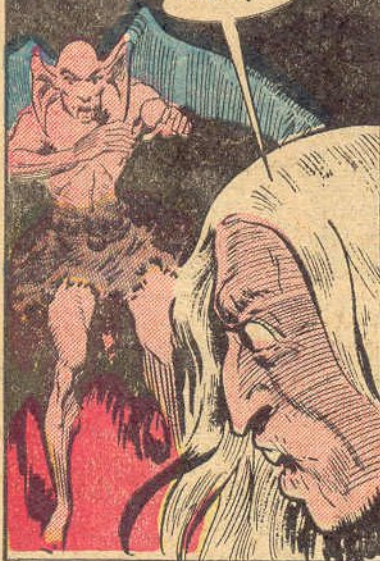
**SILVANA!**





YOU TRICKED ME...TRICKED ME INTO  
VICTIMIZING YOU...KNOWING  
YOU WERE ABOUT TO DIE!

FIEND...DO YOU KNOW  
WHAT IT MEANS? WATCH  
...DO YOU REMEMBER  
HOW I LOOKED  
THEN?



NOW THE LONG NIGHTS REDEDE...AND THE  
DREARY SEASONS...ALL IN A SINGLE CRACK-  
LING FLASH!

THIS IS HOW I WAS! BUT YOU  
PREYED ON ME IN MY LAST GASP OF  
LIFE...WHEN I **KNEW** I WOULD  
NEVER SEE ANOTHER DAWN! I  
**PLANNED** IT THAT WAY,  
MONSTER...CAN YOU  
GUESS WHY?

YOU WAITED A  
CENTURY FOR THIS  
...BUT IT WON'T  
HAPPEN... YOU  
WON'T GET  
ME!



DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS OF  
THE CASTLE RACE THE SCUTTLING  
FOOTSTEPS...AND DOWNGLIDES  
THE SILENT PURSUER!

COME ON, SALLY! IF THAT  
DEMON IS SLATED FOR  
PERDITION...IT'S  
SOMETHING I  
WANT TO SEE!



SILVANA...WAIT!  
JOIN ME IN EVIL, AND  
WE WILL KNOW MID-  
NIGHTS UNENDING  
...TOGETHER!

TOGETHER...AFTER I HUDDLED  
IN THESE RUINS FOR A HUNDRED  
YEARS **ALONE**...UTTERING A  
CURSE FOR EVERY STONE I  
HEAPED UPON YOU? ONE THING  
KEPT ME ALIVE...THE THOUGHT  
OF THIS MOMENT...WHEN MY  
GHOST WOULD DOOM  
YOU FOREVER!

THEN THE SPECTRAL SHAPE REARS LARGER...LOOMING  
ABOVE THE CRINGING VAMPIRE...PRESSING WITH UN-  
EARTHLY POWER AGAINST THE YIELDING STONE!

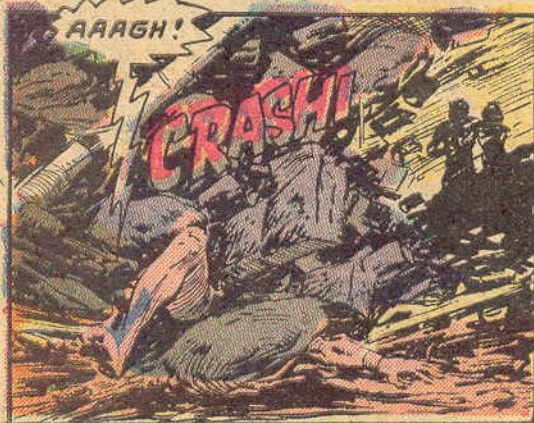


SILVANA!  
NO...NO!



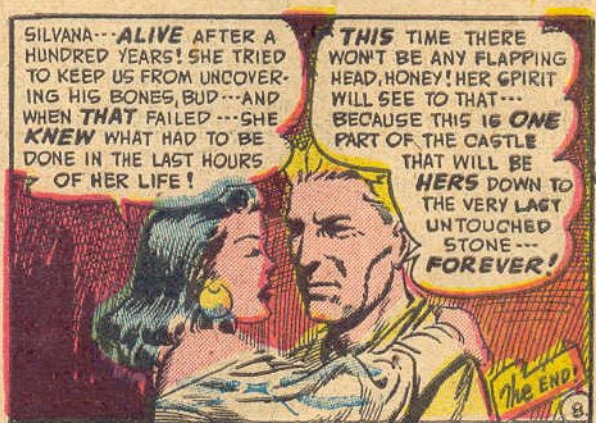
AAAGH!

CRASH!



SILVANA...ALIVE AFTER A  
HUNDRED YEARS! SHE TRIED  
TO KEEP US FROM UNCOVER-  
ING HIS BONES, BUT...AND  
WHEN THAT FAILED...SHE  
**KNEW** WHAT HAD TO BE  
DONE IN THE LAST HOURS  
OF HER LIFE!

THIS TIME THERE  
WOON'T BE ANY FLAPPING  
HEAD, HONEY! HER SPIRIT  
WILL SEE TO THAT...  
BECAUSE THIS IS **ONE**  
PART OF THE CASTLE  
THAT WILL BE  
**HERS** DOWN TO  
THE VERY LAST  
UNTOUCHED  
STONE...  
**FOREVER!**



The End!



# The HAUNTING REFRAIN

Can a man be HAUNTED--by the sound of music? Impossible, you'd say--but strange things can happen in the dead of night--and who is to say that weird demons may not ride the howling winds, scattering tragedy in their wake? Here's an eerie tale of a spectral revenge that will haunt YOUR midnights! We'll start it in an Ominous locale -- **THE ARDSLEY INSANE ASYLUM!**



THAT WILD LOOK--THOSE STRANGE, SINISTER MOVEMENTS OF THE HANDS--WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH THE PATIENT, DOCTOR?

THERE'S MUSIC IN HIS SOUL--MAD, MELANCHOLY MUSIC THAT NO ONE CAN HEAR! POOR FELLOW, HE THINKS HE'S AT A PIANO! IF ONLY WE COULD KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND IT--WHAT DROVE HIM OUT OF HIS MIND!

HA-HA! CLEVER PSYCHIATRISTS--YET THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT WRECKED HIS SANITY! BUT I-- I KNOW!

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YES, THERE'S MUCH THAT I COULD TELL YOU ABOUT MR. **FREDERICK JAMES!** IT'S A STORY WHICH BRIDGES TWO WORLDS--OF THE LIVING--AND OF THE DEAD!

LISTEN TO ITS HORROR--IF YOU CAN!

"HE WAS A FAIR COMPOSER, THIS JAMES--JUST SMART ENOUGH TO REALIZE THAT HIS BEST DAYS WERE BEHIND HIM--THAT UNLESS HE WROTE SOMETHING NEW AND GOOD, HE'D BE THROUGH! HE TRIED--BUT HIS EMPTY SOUL MOCKED HIM!"

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? IF--IF I COULD ONLY GET AN INSPIRATION--I'VE GOT TO!

"BUT EVER THE GOLDEN NOTES ELUDED HIM! BUT FINALLY CAME A DAY WHEN, WANDERING THROUGH THE SLUMS--HE HEARD THE SOUND OF GENIUS!"

THAT MUSIC--BEAUTIFUL--INSPIRED! I--I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS--WHO WROTE IT--





UP, UP THE GRIMY FLIGHTS OF STAIRS-- TO A POVERTY-STRICKEN ROOM-- AND A MAN WHOSE EYES HELD THE FLAME OF GREATNESS--



THAT--THAT MELODY YOU WERE PLAYING--IT WAS DIVINE! COULD YOU TELL ME-- WHO COMPOSED IT?

WHY-- I DID! MY NAME'S HARLOW WOODS--

FOR YEARS I SLAVED, STARVED TO PERFECT IT-- BUT NOW IT'S FINISHED! NOW THE WORLD WILL HEAR MY GREAT COMPOSITION! I-- I CALL IT THE HAUNTING REFRAIN!

IT'S THE SORT OF MUSIC I'VE DREAMED OF WRITING-- IT WOULD MAKE ME FAMOUS! AND HE'S POOR, HUNGRY-- IF ONLY--



THAT'S RIGHT -- JAMES TRIED TO BUY THAT STRANGE, COMPELLING MUSIC! DESPERATELY, HE OFFERED HIS LAST DOLLAR FOR IT-- BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW HARLOW WOODS!



WHAT! SELL MY MUSIC-- MY VERY SOUL? GET OUT OF HERE, YOU VAMPIRE-- BEFORE I--

I'LL GO-- DON'T GET EXCITED! I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!



"NO, HE MEANT NO HARM-- THEN! BUT GREED IS EVIL, WARPING AND BLACKENING THE HEARTS OF MEN! BACK AT HIS STUDIO--"

WHAT WAS IT HE CALLED IT-- THE HAUNTING REFRAIN! I-- I CAN STILL HEAR ITS STRAINS ECHOING WITHIN ME-- I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT MUSIC FOR MY OWN! I'LL BORROW MONEY, OFFER HIM MORE! AND IF HE STILL REFUSES--



-- THERE ARE OTHER MEANS!

"BACK AT THE TENEMENT AGAIN, THE DEVIL HIMSELF MUST HAVE CHORTLED AS --"

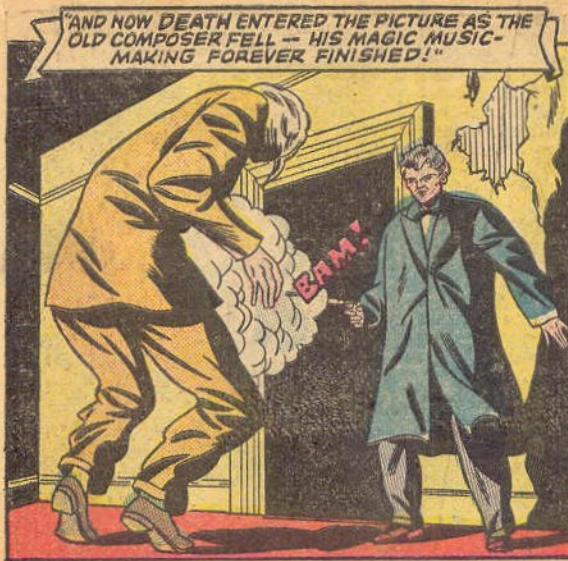
I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT MY SONG'S A PART OF ME-- AND YOUR MONEY CAN'T WIN IT! NOW, WILL YOU LEAVE-- OR--

YOU SHABBY FOOL, THAT MELODY'S MAGIC-- AND IT'S TOO GOOD FOR YOU! AND IF I CAN'T GET IT ONE WAY, THEN THERE'S ANOTHER THAT YOU CAN'T RESIST!

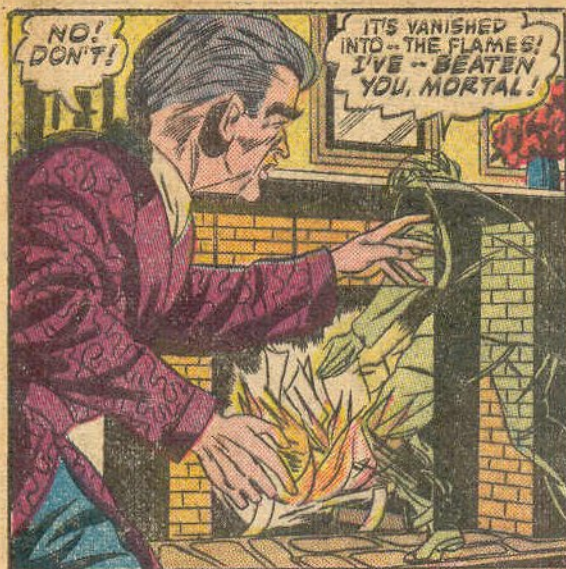


"YES, THAT EERIE MUSIC WAS RIGHTLY NAMED-- FOR ALREADY ITS PLAINTIVE NOTES WERE HAUNTING FREDERICK JAMES-- AND DRIVING HIM TOWARD AN AWFUL FATE!"









NO!  
DON'T!

IT'S VANISHED  
INTO--THE FLAMES!  
I'VE--BEATEN  
YOU, MORTAL!



"THE SPECTER VANISHED--BACK INTO THE LIMBO OF  
LOST SOULS! AND ON JAMES' LIPS WAS A  
SNEERING SMILE--"

SO HE THINKS HE'S WON, EH?  
HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW I'VE  
STUDIED HIS MUSIC--  
MEMORIZED ITS EVERY  
NOTE! I CAN STILL PLAY  
IT AT THE GREAT RECITAL--  
AND WIN FAME!

"NOTHING COULD STOP HIM--HE THOUGHT,  
ON THE LONG-AWAITED NIGHT, HE STARTED  
OUT FOR THE HALL--LITTLE REALIZING  
THAT A STRANGE, GHOSTLY FIGURE  
DOGGED HIS EVERY STEP!"



"IT WAS AN UNSEEN HAND FROM BEYOND THE  
GRAVE ITSELF THAT  
PROPELLED HIM  
DOWNWARD--TOWARD  
DISASTER!"



LOOK  
OUT!

AH, YES --  
DISASTER! A  
PITY, WASN'T IT--  
THAT HIS ARM WAS  
BROKEN IN THE  
FALL -- THAT THE  
CONCERT HAD TO  
BE--POSTPONED?



"AND IN THE HOSPITAL--ONCE AGAIN, THAT MOCKING  
FIGURE FROM THE BEYOND--"



I WARNED YOU,  
JAMES -- WARNED  
YOU THAT YOU'D  
NEVER PASS MY  
MUSIC ON TO THE  
WORLD!

I--I'LL DO IT  
YET, BLAST YOU!  
YOU CAN'T  
STOP ME!

HE MUST BE  
DELIRIOUS --  
TALKING TO  
HIMSELF  
THAT WAY!

"WEEKS PASSED -- AND ONCE AGAIN IT WAS TIME FOR  
THE POSTPONED RECITAL! AND ENTERING THE HALL,  
JAMES WAS STAGGERED BY A WEIRD BOLT FROM THE  
UNKNOWN--AND THE DEAD FACE OF THE MAN HE  
HAD MURDERED!"



Tonight...  
FREDERICK JAMES  
NEW TONE POEM  
"The  
HAUNTING  
REFRAIN"





HE'S -- STILL PURSUING ME, THE FIEND! BUT HE WON'T STOP ME, I SWEAR IT! IT'S MY SONG NOW!

HE'S BEEN ACTING PECULIARLY LATELY -- ALMOST AS IF HE'S GOING OFF HIS HEAD!



THE GREAT HALL WAS PACKED TO CAPACITY AS JAMES STRODE TOWARDS THE CONCERT GRAND -- AND A DATE WITH DARK DESTINY!

I'LL PLAY IT, AND THE WORLD'S APPLAUSE WILL BE MINE! NOTHING CAN PREVENT THAT NOW!



WITH THE FIRST NOTES CAME A PREMONITION OF DISASTER!

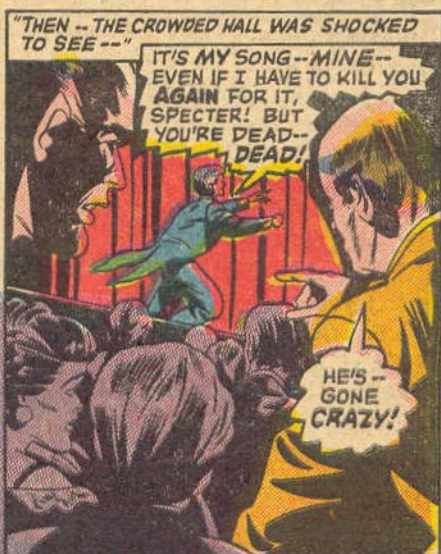
GOOD HEAVENS -- SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE PIANO!

PLUNK! THUD!



YES, THE PHANTOM HAD WON!

NOW TRY TO PLAY IT, JAMES! THE HAUNTING REFRAIN SHALL LIVE ON -- BUT ONLY WITHIN YOUR SUFFERING MIND!



THEN -- THE CROWDED HALL WAS SHOCKED TO SEE --

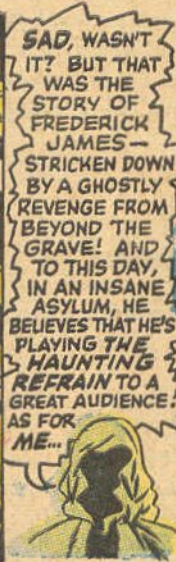
IT'S MY SONG -- MINE -- EVEN IF I HAVE TO KILL YOU AGAIN FOR IT, SPECTER! BUT YOU'RE DEAD -- DEAD!

HE'S -- GONE CRAZY!



LET -- ME -- GO! THERE -- THERE WAS A CURSE ON THAT SONG, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? IT -- IT'S GOT ME AT LAST -- THAT HAUNTED MELODY -- I CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY MIND!

GET AN AMBULANCE, SOMEBODY!



SAD, WASN'T IT? BUT THAT WAS THE STORY OF FREDERICK JAMES -- STRICKEN DOWN BY A GHOSTLY REVENGE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE! AND TO THIS DAY, IN AN INSANE ASYLUM, HE BELIEVES THAT HE'S PLAYING THE HAUNTING REFRAIN TO A GREAT AUDIENCE! AS FOR ME...



-- I'LL REMOVE MY SHROUD, AND LET YOU GAZE UPON MY FACE! THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT DROVE THE GREAT FREDERICK JAMES MAD! WELL, I DID! I AND MY HAUNTING REFRAIN!

The End

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# OUT of the NIGHT... TO YOU!

HELLO, ALL YOU loyal fans of "Forbidden Worlds"!

It's nice to meet up with you again... to talk over yours and our favorite subject, the great realm of the supernatural! For it's an exciting and challenging realm...the great Unknown, unexplored save for the spine-tingling flights of the imagination which you'll find in our stories. We've tried to blaze fanciful trails into that strange and eerie realm... to guide you along its shadowy and heart-pulsing paths. Move carefully, for about you flock all of the weird denizens of the never-never land which time forgot. Straight from the teeming pages of "Forbidden Worlds" they come to you... ghosts, werewolves, zombies, witches, vampires, banshees and spectral shades...all the eerie creatures to which you thrill, gasp!

If your letters are any indication...and the readers of millions of our copies can't be wrong...this is your favorite fare. It's what you want...what we'll continue to bring you. The nationwide wave of enthusiasm which has greeted our efforts leaves us in no doubt...and

for this we thank you, our faithful supporters. You've swept the newsstands bare of our magazines...have waited impatiently for the appearance of each successive issue. And increasing numbers of you have clamored for a greater frequency of issuance. Let's hear from all of you, please...telling us whether you'd like to see "Forbidden Worlds" as a monthly!

Tell us, too, what you think of our current issue. We think you'll like "Domain of the Dead", one of the strangest and most gripping stories in years. And for weird midnight thrills, there's "The Flapping Head". "The Haunting Refrain" is guaranteed to haunt you...and "The Devil's Typewriter" hits a new high in tense excitement. And "Bride of the Beast" is strictly out-of-this-world...rounding out a star-studded all-thrill issue. Which story do you like best? Send your letter to The Editor, "Forbidden Worlds", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. As for some of our other readers' opinions, the following are representative:

"Dear Editor:-

I've read many comics magazines, and find I like supernatural stories best. And I've never enjoyed any book as much as "Forbidden Worlds". It's so full of suspense that I've determined never to miss an issue. I'd appreciate more stories about haunted houses and vampires, and think it would be swell if you left occasional stories unfinished, so the reader can figure out an ending. But keep up the good work!

--Rainey Wolverton, Lufkin, Tex."

"Dear Editor:-

Congratulations on a fine magazine that lifts the comics into a higher bracket! "Forbidden Worlds" turned out to be all its title promised. The true tales are best and the little short stories very good. Who are your authors? Good luck...I promise all the support in my power!

--Mary H. Wilson, Des Plaines, Ill."

"Dear Editor:-

I enjoy "Forbidden Worlds" because it has mystery, suspense and excitement in every story. I've read many comics, but find yours the best of them all. Please...can't you publish it monthly? Always a fan...

--V. Conway, Oak Park, Ill."



# The DEVIL'S TYPEWRITER!

"THIS IS MY YARN... THE SAGA OF JOHNNY ARCHER... WHO TRADED HIS SOUL FOR A STORY! IT'S THE STRANGE, SINISTER STORY YOU'RE READING NOW! ONLY ANOTHER WRITER CAN REALIZE THE DEPTHS TO WHICH I SANK BEFORE I MET THE NEAT LITTLE MAN IN THE PRINCE ALBERT COAT... AND NO ONE CAN EVER ENVISION THE HORRORS THAT GRIPPED AND TORTURED ME AFTER I MADE MY BARGAIN WITH HIM! MY STORY STARTS, PROBABLY ENOUGH, IN MY OWN APARTMENT..."

"...THE VAMPIRE HOVERED NOISELESSLY OVER ITS UNSUSPECTING VICTIM... ITS CRUEL, STEEL-STRONG TALONS READY TO GRASP, TEAR..."

OH, WHAT'S THE USE! THIS SCRIPT REEKS... AN EDITOR WITH TWO HOLES IN HIS HEAD WOULDN'T BUY IT! JOHNNY ARCHER, YOU'RE A HAS-BEEN, A DRIED-UP, USELESS, EX-SUPERNATURAL WRITER!

...SO THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE! I'VE GOT TO EAT... AND I HAVEN'T POUNDED OUT A SALEABLE WORD IN TWO MONTHS! SO... I HOOK THE TYPEWRITER!



AN HOUR LATER, I STEPPED OUT OF THE PAWN-SHOP, MONEY IN MY POCKET---BUT---

WELL, THAT'S THAT!

I CAN KEEP EATING FOR A LITTLE WHILE, BUT WHAT THEN? EVEN IF I GET A HOT IDEA, I CAN'T WRITE IT! BOY, A WRITER WITHOUT A TYPEWRITER---I'M AS USELESS AS A BRICK-LAYER WITHOUT A TROWEL!

I WAS JOLTED OUT OF MY BLEAK MOOD BY A SILKEN VOICE, REPEATING MY THOUGHTS TO ME ALOUD, WORD FOR WORD---

---A WRITER WITHOUT A TYPEWRITER! AS USELESS AS A BRICKLAYER WITHOUT A TROWEL!" TOO BAD, JOHNNY ARCHER, TOO BAD!

HUH? HOW COME YOU KNEW WHAT I WAS THINKING ---AND MY NAME? SAY, WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?



MAYBE THAT'S JUST WHO I AM, JOHNNY ARCHER! BUT LOOK, I HAVE AN OLD TYPEWRITER I'D BE GLAD TO LOAN YOU---FOR A PRICE, OF COURSE!

GULP! I MUST BE SOBER---I HAVEN'T HAD A DRINK IN WEEKS!

I SENSED WHO THE LITTLE MAN WAS ---AND WHAT HIS PRICE WOULD BE! EVEN AS I TOLD MYSELF THAT IT WAS ALL A HUGE JOKE, MY SUBCONSCIOUS WARNED ME IT WAS NOT A JOKE---BUT GRIM REALITY!

I SUPPOSE YOUR PRICE FOR THE TYPEWRITER WILL BE MY SOUL! IT'S HIGH, JUST FOR A LOAN, BUT THE WAY THINGS ARE, I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE!

OH, FINE, FINE, JOHNNY ARCHER! COME ON, WE'LL GO TO MY APARTMENT! I'LL DRAW UP THE MEMO---AND AS SOON AS YOU SIGN IT, THE MACHINE IS YOURS ---TEMPORARILY, OF COURSE!



"I PLAYED ALONG WHEN HE HAD ME SIGN A MEMO RECEIPT FOR THE TYPEWRITER! AS I DID SO, I SEEMED TO FEEL A CHANGE IN THE ROOM, IN HIM---

HMMM, "---ALLOWED TO USE SAID TYPEWRITER UNTIL PERSON SIGNING HAS NO FURTHER USE FOR IT! - COMPENSATION FOR THIS USE HAS BEEN MUTUALLY AGREED UPON!" PRETTY BROAD SORT OF TERMS, IN YOUR FAVOR---BUT I'LL SIGN!

YES, YES, YOU'LL SIGN! HA, HA, HA!

"BUT WHEN I LOOKED UP FROM THE PAPER---

THERE YOU ARE, SIR! AND MUCH OBLIGED!

I'D HAVE SWORN HE'D CHANGED WHILE I WASN'T LOOKING! GUESS IT'S JUST MY IMAGINATION!

THANK YOU, THANK YOU, JOHNNY ARCHER! I CAN GUARANTEE YOU, SOME FEARSOME STORIES HAVE COME OUT OF THAT OLD MACHINE!





"I LUGGED THE OLD MACHINE HOME AND SET IT UP, STILL WONDERING ABOUT THE LITTLE OLD GUY..."

BOY, THIS IS SURE AN ANTIQUE MILL! STILL CAN'T GET OVER HOW UNCANNY THAT GUY WAS, READING MY MIND! SOMEHOW, I WONDER IF I WON'T BE LAUGHING OUT THE OTHER SIDE OF MY MOUTH BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH **THIS** DEAL!

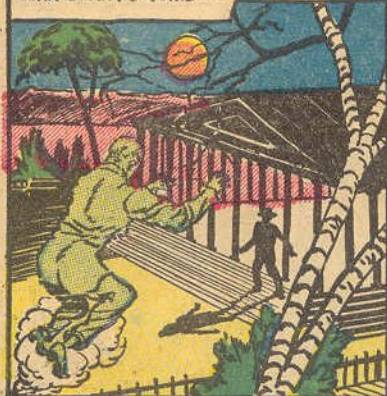


"I GOT THE TYPEWRITER ADJUSTED TO SUIT MYSELF! THEN, AS I STARTED TO WORK, I WAS STARTLED AT THE FACT THAT A STORY FORMED INSTANTLY IN MY MIND---A **GOOD** STORY..."

THIS IS **UNBELIEVABLE!** IT'S BEEN WEEKS SINCE I'VE GOTTEN ANY KIND OF IDEA... LET ALONE A HOT ONE! AND I SEEM TO BE A PART OF THE STORY... WRITING FROM THE INSIDE OUT!



"**THIS** WAS MY STORY!...IT WAS NIGHT, IN NEW YORK, ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE, AND I COULD SEE CLEARLY THE MALEVOLENT, TWISTED FEATURES OF THE GHOSTLY FACE AS IT APPROACHED THE SUMMER PAVILION OVERLOOKING THE HUDSON RIVER, NEAR GRANT'S TOMB..."



"...AND I FELT THE FEAR GRIPPING THE LONE FIGURE THAT WAITED IN THE SHADOWS, KEEPING A RENDEZ-VOUS WITH A VISITOR FROM THE BEYOND..."

THIS IS SILLY, I'M NOT WAITING ANY LONGER! BUT...BUT...THE **DREAM!** I'VE GOT TO SETTLE IT ONCE AND FOR ALL...I CAN'T GO TO BED KNOWING I'LL BE TORTURED BY THAT DREAM OF MEETING FRANK BLAKELY'S GHOST HERE...IN THIS PAVILION!



SO...HUGO, YOU HAVE FINALLY COME! MANY NIGHTS I HAD TO SPEND BESIDE YOUR BED, URGING YOU, COAXING YOU! I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU THEN...BUT I WANTED TO DO IT **HERE**... WHERE I DIED!

**NO!** YOU'RE DEAD...FRANK...I'M TALKING TO A GHOST! I'VE GONE **MAD!**



I LOVED LIFE TOO, HUGO! BUT BECAUSE YOU CHEATED, STOLE MY MONEY, BANKRUPTED OUR BUSINESS, I HAD TO KILL MYSELF, SO MY FAMILY COULD GET MY INSURANCE!

**DON'T!... AGHHHH!**

"COLD FINGERS OF FEAR AND HORROR GRIPPED ME AS I FINISHED THE SCRIPT! IT WAS GOOD...**TOO GOOD!**"

I'M KNOCKED OUT...AND AFRAID...AFRAID THIS **ISN'T** JUST ANOTHER YARN! OH, WELL, THAT'S NONSENSE...MAYBE I'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING! I'LL GET TO BED...HAVE TO GET THIS DOWN TO '**FORBIDDEN WORLDS**' EARLY!





"MY UNEASINESS WAS DISSIPATED BY MORNING AND AS I WALKED INTO THE OFFICE OF THE EDITOR OF 'FORBIDDEN WORLDS'..."



"BUT EVEN BEFORE I LOOKED AT THE PAPER HE THRUST IN FRONT OF ME, I KNEW HIS WORDS WERE TRUE! I BLANCHED, TREMBLED, BUT NOT FOR THE REASON HE THOUGHT I DID..."



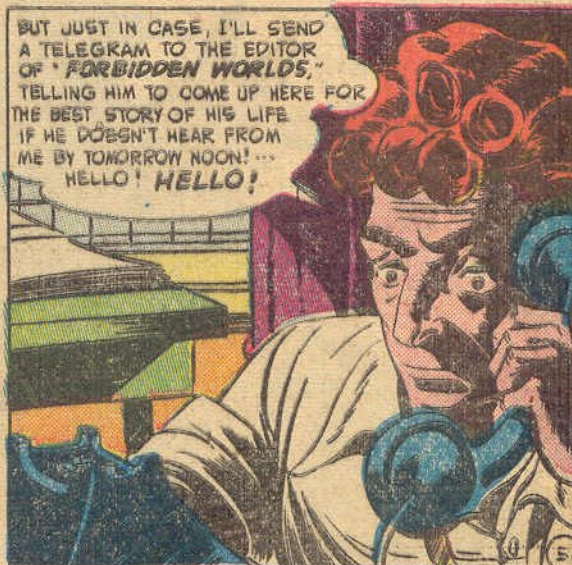
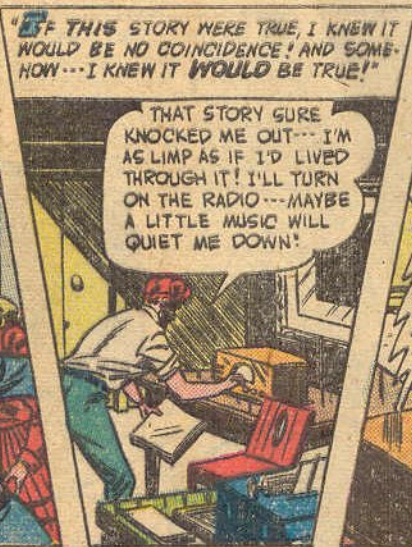
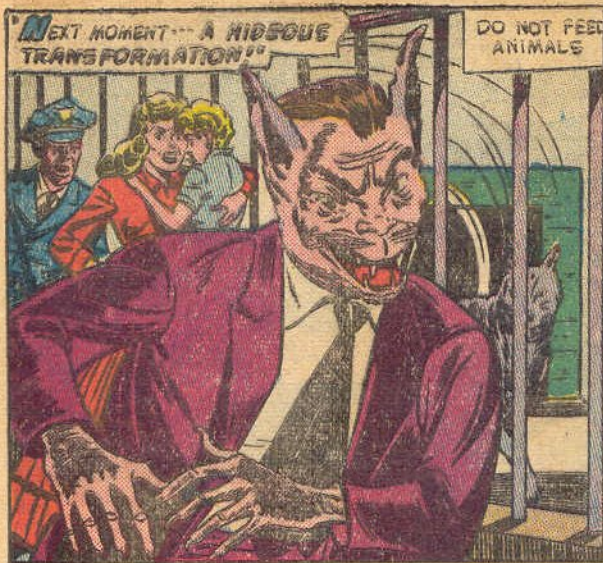
"I DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO EXPLAIN, MAKE HIM BELIEVE ME! WHO WOULD BELIEVE THE WORDS OF A MADMAN?"



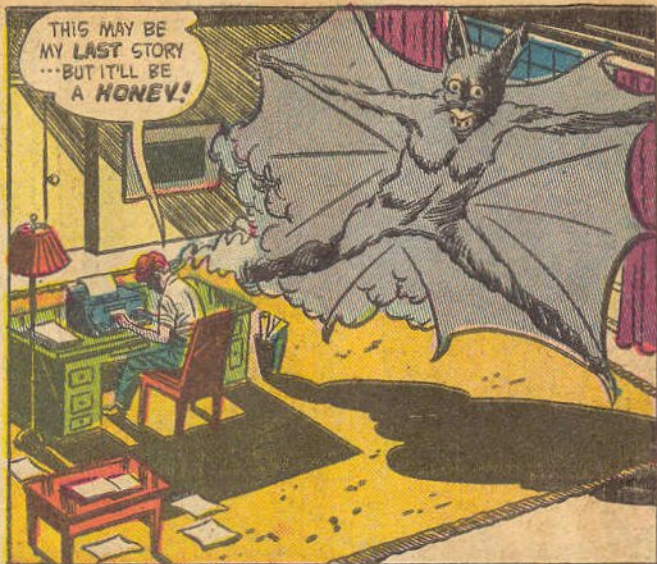
"I MADE MYSELF BELIEVE IT WAS ALL JUST A COINCIDENCE, ONE OF THOSE WEIRD, INEXPLICABLE THINGS THAT SOMETIMES HAPPEN! I HAD TO BELIEVE THAT... OR LOSE MY SANITY!"







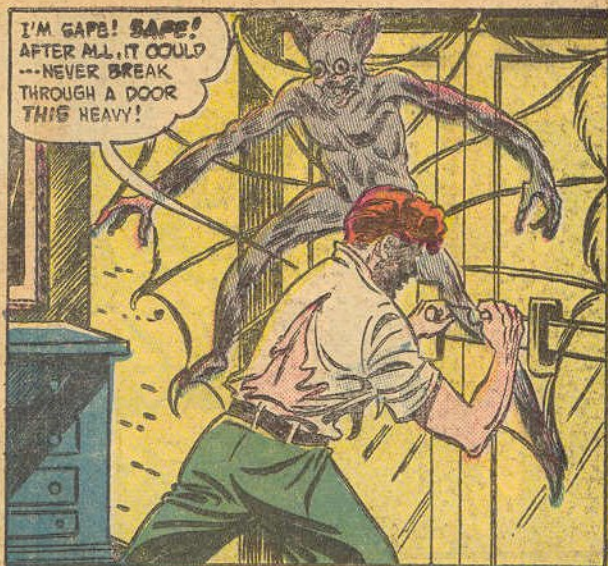








THE BEDROOM---  
I'LL LOCK MYSELF  
IN--AND BEAT THIS  
MONSTER  
YET!



I'M GAPE! **SAFE!**  
AFTER ALL, IT COULD  
---NEVER BREAK  
THROUGH A DOOR  
THIS HEAVY!



OH, GOOD HEAVENS  
---IT MUST HAVE PASSED  
RIGHT THROUGH IT---  
**IT'S GOT ME!**  
AND I---**CAN'T**  
**FIGHT**  
**AGAINST**  
**IT!**



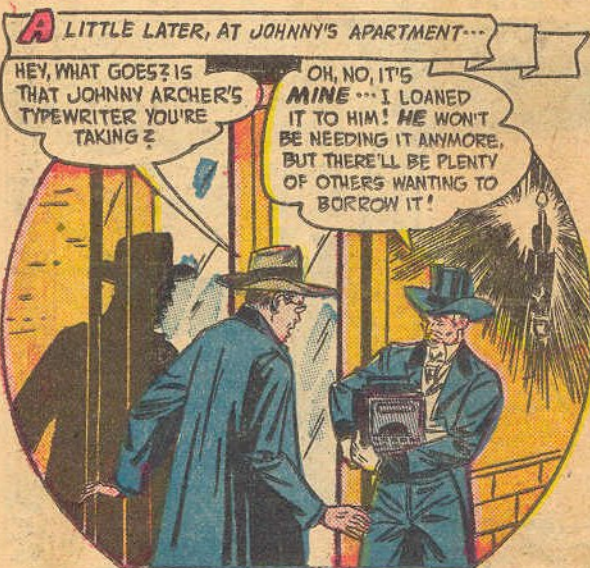
IT'S ALL COME TRUE---BECAUSE I  
WAS USING **THE DEVIL'S TYPE-**  
**WRITER!** WHY DIDN'T I SMASH  
IT---BEFORE IT WAS  
**TOO LATE?**



**N**EXT DAY, IN THE OFFICES OF  
"FORBIDDEN WORLDS..."

IT'S NOON, AND  
JOHNNY ARCHER  
HASN'T CALLED!  
ARE YOU GOING  
TO HIS APARTMENT,  
AS HE ASKED?

OH, THAT YOUNG  
FOOL! I'LL  
CHECK---BUT IT  
WILL ONLY BE  
A WILD  
GOOSE  
CHASE!



**A** LITTLE LATER, AT JOHNNY'S APARTMENT---

HEY, WHAT GOES? IS  
THAT JOHNNY ARCHER'S  
TYPEWRITER YOU'RE  
TAKING?

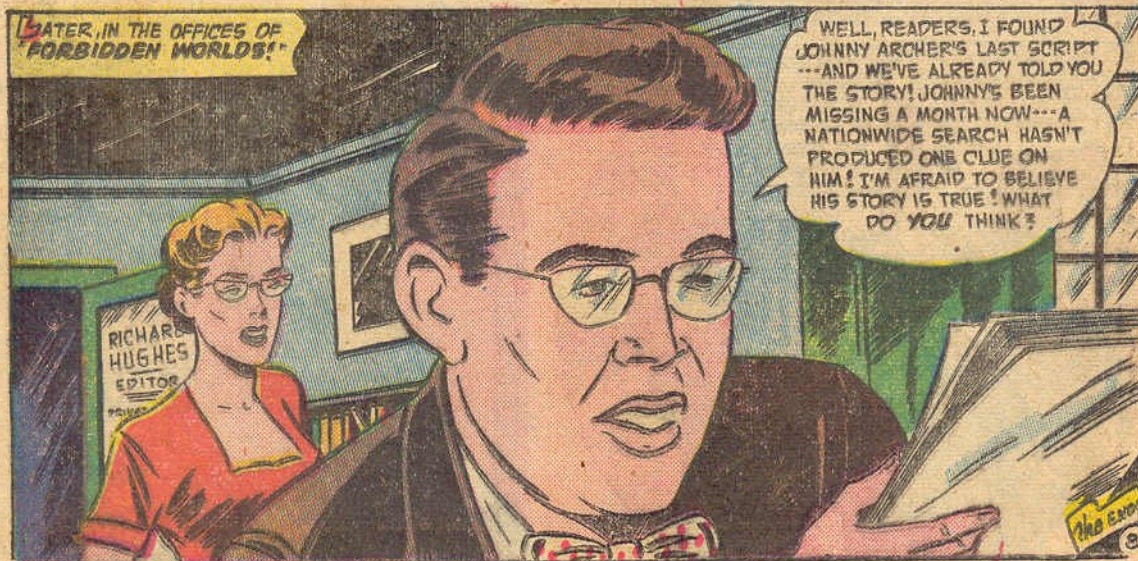
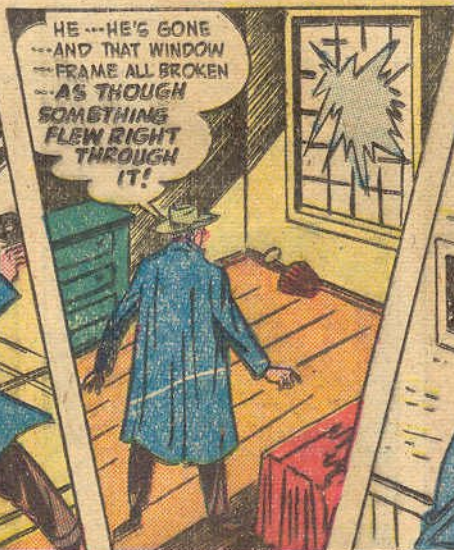
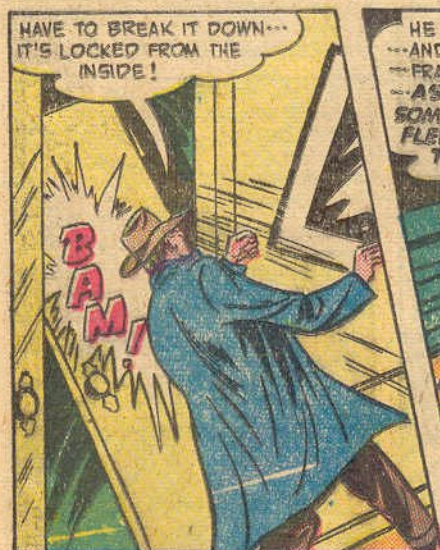
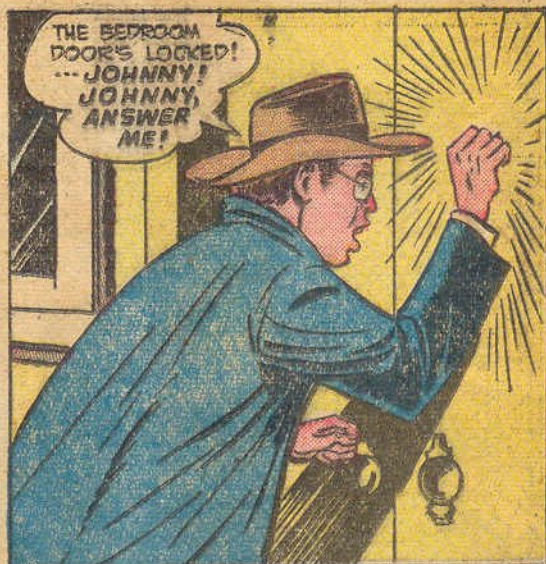
OH, NO, IT'S  
**MINE**---I LOANED  
IT TO HIM! **HE** WON'T  
BE NEEDING IT ANYMORE,  
BUT THERE'LL BE PLENTY  
OF OTHERS WANTING TO  
BORROW IT!



WELL,  
OKAY!

IN FACT---MAYBE **YOU'LL**  
BE BORROWING IT  
SOMETIME!







# STRANGLER'S SPIRIT

CHARLES BROCKTON TOSSED the manuscript across his desk, right into the lap of the wild-eyed young writer seated across from him. "This is utter rot, Jennings," Brockton said. "You've got a diseased imagination if you actually believe this tripe you write. I can't run this as a fact feature in my newspaper!"

Peter Jennings leaped up angrily. "But that story is factually accurate...I spent a whole month verifying every detail of it! That house that Morgan lived in is haunted by his maniacal spirit! He finished eighteen people before he was finally captured and electrocuted...and the four people who have slept in his room at one time or another after his death each went on a berserk rampage, attacking anyone they could get their hands on! And as a final test, I slept in that diabolical room one night...and felt myself becoming possessed by an insane spirit that urged me to go out and... kill!"

Brockton laughed in his mocking way. "Then why didn't you?"

"Because I had the foresight to have myself tied to the bed in Morgan's room before dusk! Morgan never struck before dark, so I figured the spirit that possessed him only emerged at night...and I was right! I wanted desperately to go out, attack...but I couldn't leave that bed...and when my accomplice released me in the morning, I was normal again!"

"Bah...get out of here and take that drivel with you," Brockton barked.

Jennings' face whitened with the effort to control himself, and then he leaned forward tensely. "There's one way to prove the truth of my story...why don't you spend one night in Morgan's room? Are you...afraid?"

"Me...afraid of a spook story? Hah!

Wait...maybe you have something there! It would be a great publicity story for the newspaper! I can see the heading now... 'Spook-Busting Editor Defies Strangler's Spirit'! It ought to be a great circulation builder...I'll take your dare, Jennings! I'll spend tonight in that room, untied... and I'll have my photographers waiting outside for me in the morning!"

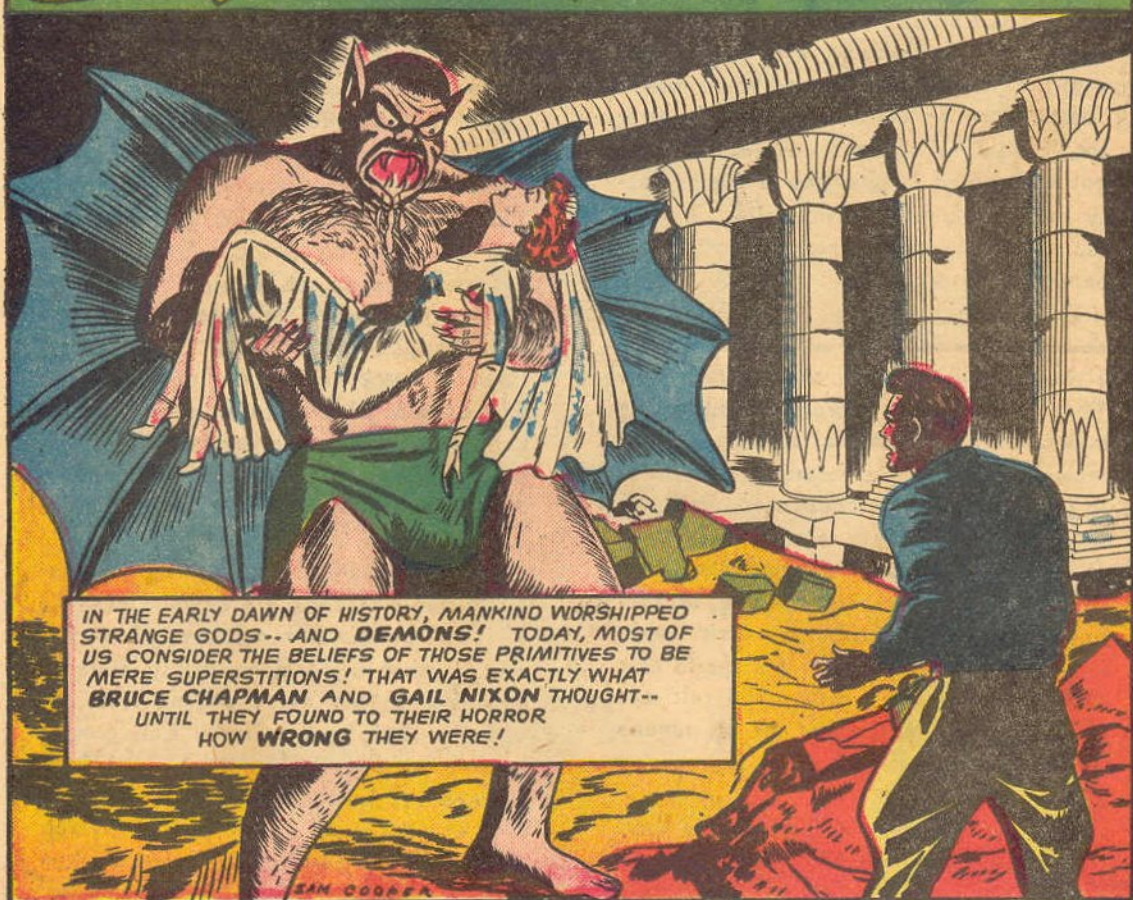
As a church-bell tolled out the stroke of midnight some hours later, Editor Charles Brockton awoke with a start. At first he didn't know where he was, but as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, he recognized the room he had gone to sleep in a few hours earlier...Strangler Morgan's room!

Brockton suddenly shivered involuntarily...he was always a sound sleeper... what had awakened him just now? Was... was it that strange, unearthly whisper sounding in his ears, coming from nowhere? Wait...the whisper was getting louder, saying *kill...KILL!* Brockton pressed his hands against his ears, but the whisper was inside him now, the thought was possessing him, forcing him out of the bed, toward the door. Terrified, he fought against the irresistible command, but soon the words were shrieking in his mind, stabbing into his brain. He had to surrender to that infernal command...he *had* to!

Minutes later, the photographers napping in their car outside the Morgan house were awakened by a blood-curdling shriek. They looked up to see a wild-eyed, maniacal Charles Brockton pursuing Peter Jennings, who had been waiting in the doorway of the house. Before the photographers could get to Brockton, the deed was done...and it took all four of them to subdue the mad strangler and sit on him until the police arrived.



# BRIDE <sup>of the</sup> BEAST



IN THE EARLY DAWN OF HISTORY, MANKIND WORSHIPPED STRANGE GODS-- AND **DEMONS!** TODAY, MOST OF US CONSIDER THE BELIEFS OF THOSE PRIMITIVES TO BE MERE SUPERSTITIONS! THAT WAS EXACTLY WHAT **BRUCE CHAPMAN** AND **GAIL NIXON** THOUGHT-- UNTIL THEY FOUND TO THEIR HORROR HOW **WRONG** THEY WERE!

IN THE HEART OF THE RED SEA --

LISTEN TO THIS, GAIL-- THE FIRST DRAFT OF MY ARTICLE ABOUT OUR EXCAVATIONS IN MESOPOTAMIA! -- "NEAR THE RUINS OF BABYLON, A MOMENTOUS DISCOVERY WAS MADE-- A 4,000 YEAR-OLD **TEMPLE OF BELIAL**, WHERE THE DEVIL-GOD OR SON OF SATAN WAS WORSHIPPED. FRAGMENTARY INSCRIPTIONS ON THE RUINED TEMPLE WALLS CONSISTED OF MAGICAL SPELLS, DESIGNED TO WARD OFF THE GREAT GOD **ORMAZD**, WHO WAS BELIAL'S ARCH-ENEMY IN BABYLONIAN MYTHOLOGY..."

OH, BRUCE -- IS **THAT** ALL YOU CAN THINK ABOUT?

WE'RE FINISHED WITH THAT-- IT'S IN THE **PAST!** GOLLY, SOMETIMES I WISH YOU COULD GET AS ROMANTIC AND WORKED UP ABOUT SOMETHING **ALIVE!**

THINK I'M AN OLD FUDDY-FUDDY, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU HOW **WRONG** YOU ARE!







YOU'VE COME TO MEAN MORE TO ME THAN JUST AN ASSISTANT ON MY ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITIONS-- I REALIZED WEEKS AGO THAT I'D FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU! AND JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT I CAN BE ROMANTIC-- **LET'S GET MARRIED RIGHT AWAY!** THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN CAN PERFORM THE CEREMONY!

OH, THAT WOULD BE-- **WONDERFUL!** BUT WHAT WOULD WE USE FOR A WEDDING RING?



I'VE GOT JUST THE THING-- AN ANCIENT BABYLONIAN GOLD BETROTHAL RING I DUG UP IN THE RUINS! WHY, I'LL BET IT WAS FASHIONED FOR SOME BEAUTIFUL BABYLONIAN PRINCESS SOME 4,000 YEARS AGO!

I HAVEN'T FINISHED TRANSLATING THE INSCRIPTION ON THE RING-- BUT AS FAR AS I'VE GONE, IT READS-- **"BETROTHED FOREVER!"**

OH, THAT'S JUST **PERFECT!** IT'S THE MOST ROMANTIC WEDDING RING ANY GIRL EVER HAD!

NEXT DAY, AS THE SHIP WENDS SLOWLY THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL--

... NOW PLACE THE WEDDING RING ON THE BRIDE'S FINGER AND REPEAT AFTER ME ...



WITH THIS RING I THEE W---

**CRASH!**



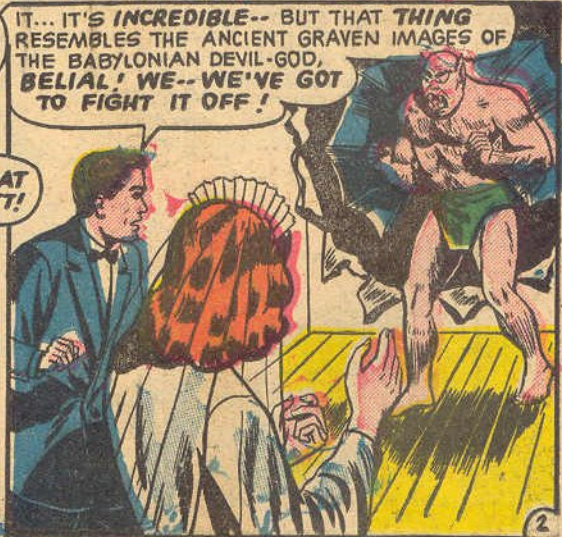
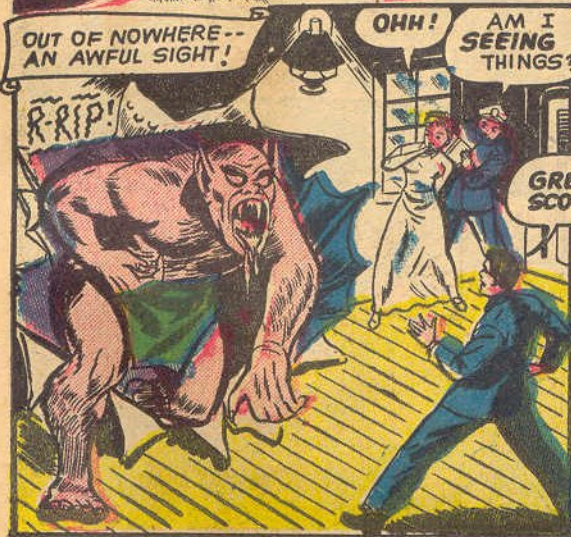
OUT OF NOWHERE-- AN AWFUL SIGHT!

**OHH!**

AM I **SEEING** THINGS?

IT... IT'S **INCREDIBLE--** BUT THAT **THING** RESEMBLES THE ANCIENT GRAVEN IMAGES OF THE BABYLONIAN DEVIL-GOD, **BELIAL!** WE-- WE'VE GOT TO **FIGHT IT OFF!**

**GREAT SCOTT!**





POWERLESS-- BEFORE A GIANT STRENGTH!



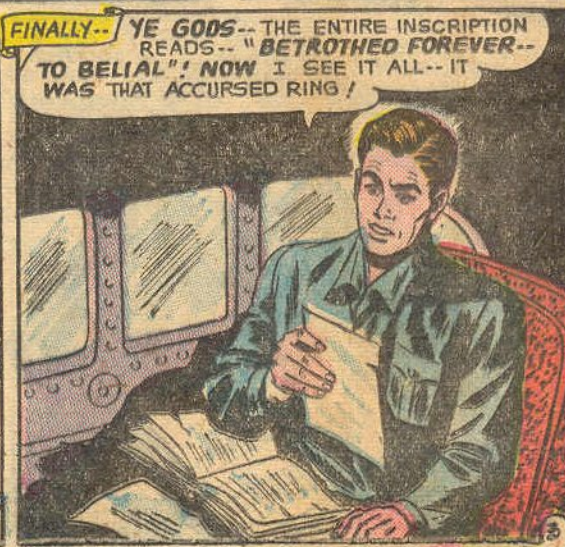
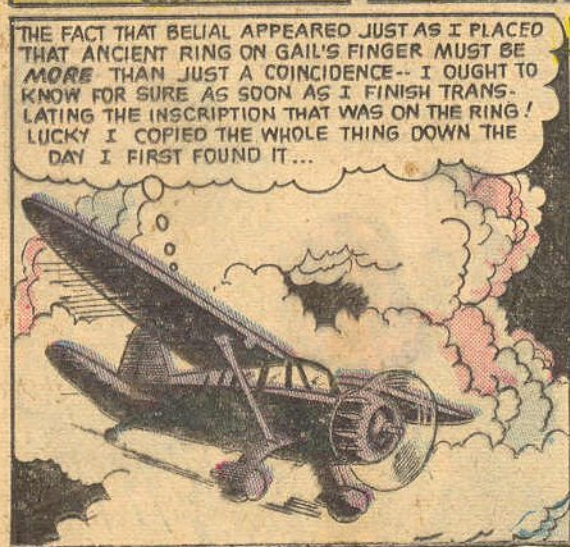
IT WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD! THE MONSTER'S GONE-- AND YOUR BRIDE WITH HIM!

SOMEHOW, **SOMETHING** SUMMONED THAT BEAST UP FROM THE UNKNOWN-- AND I'VE GOT TO RESCUE GAIL FROM HIS CLUTCHES! IF THAT WAS REALLY BELIAL, HE'S PROBABLY TAKING HER BACK TO THE TEMPLE WE UNCOVERED IN THE MESOPOTAMIAN DESERT-- AND THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING! PUT ME ASHORE, CAPTAIN-- QUICK!

AN HOUR LATER, AT A SMALL AIRPORT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF SUEZ--

AT THAT PRICE, I WILL FLY YOU ANYWHERE, EFFENDI! LET ME PLACE YOUR SUITCASES IN THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT-- AND WE WILL BE OFF!

I'LL KEEP IT WITH ME-- I'VE GOT BOOKS IN THERE I'LL NEED TO STUDY WHILE YOU'RE FLYING THIS CRATE! LET'S GO-- AND GIVE HER FULL THROTTLE!





HOURS LATER, OVER THE RUINED TEMPLE OF BELIAL--

ACCORDING TO LEGEND-- BELIAL HAS ENORMOUS POWERS-- BUT NOW THAT THE RING HAS SUMMONED HIM INTO THE REAL WORLD, HE'LL BE BOUND BY NATURAL LAWS-- WHICH MEANS HE CAN TRAVEL ONLY AS FAST AS ANY ORDINARY WINGED CREATURE HIS SIZE! SO THE PLANE PROBABLY PASSED HIM IN THE NIGHT-- AND I MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO RESCUE GAIL!



THERE'S THE ANCIENT ALTAR, WHERE BABYLONIAN MAIDENS WERE SACRIFICED AS THE BRIDES OF BELIAL THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO-- OH-OH, I HEAR THE SOUND OF **WINGS!**



IT... IT'S HIM! GAIL STILL SEEMS TO BE IN A DEAD FAINT-- THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT!



HE GLANCED UP AT THE MOON-- AND THEN WENT SCRAMBLING OFF AMONG THE ROCKS, AS IF LOOKING FOR SOMETHING! WAIT-- NOW I REMEMBER-- THE SACRIFICES TO BELIAL WERE ALWAYS MADE AT THE TIME OF THE FULL MOON, AND WITH A SPECIAL SACRIFICIAL SCIMITAR! THERE'S STILL A LITTLE TIME BEFORE THE MOON IS COMPLETELY FULL, AND BELIAL MAY HAVE GONE OFF TO DIG UP THE LONG-BURIED SCIMITAR! SO THERE OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH TIME FOR ME TO RELEASE GAIL AND GET HER AWAY FROM THAT DEVIL!



BRUCE-- WHERE... WHERE... WHERE AM I? NO TIME TO ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS-- I'VE GOT TO GET THESE CHAINS OFF YOU! BLAST IT-- THEY'RE TOO CUNNINGLY FASTENED-- I'D NEED A BLOWTORCH TO RELEASE YOU!





WAIT-- **THE RING!** PUTTING IT ON YOUR FINGER MARKED YOU AS THE BRIDE OF BELIAL--SO MAYBE TAKING IT OFF WILL PREVENT YOU FROM BECOMING HIS SACRIFICIAL VICTIM-- AND SEND HIM BACK TO THE LIMBO WE SUMMONED HIM FROM!



BRUCE! YOU'RE **HURTING** ME!



IT WENT ON EASILY ENOUGH-- BUT IT SEEMS TO HAVE SHRUNK ON YOUR FINGER-- **IT WON'T COME OFF!**



THE MOON WILL SOON BE AT ITS ZENITH -- I'VE GOT TO DO **SOMETHING**-- AND **FAST!** AND SINCE I CAN'T DO ANYTHING THROUGH NATURAL MEANS, ALL I CAN DO IS TRY THE **SUPER-NATURAL**-- AND **FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!**



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, BRUCE?

IN ANCIENT BABYLONIAN MYTHOLOGY, BELIAL'S ARCH-ENEMY WAS ORMAZO, THE GOD OF GOOD-- SO THAT IF BELIAL ACTUALLY EXISTS, THEN ORMAZO MUST **ALSO** EXIST! IN THE LIMBO OF NOTHINGNESS IN WHICH BELIAL EXISTED BEFORE THE RING SUMMONED HIM TO EARTH, ORMAZO PROBABLY COULDN'T DESTROY HIM -- BUT NOW THAT BELIAL IS IN HIS VULNERABLE BODILY FORM, HE CAN BE ANNIHILATED! SO OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO INVOKE ORMAZO-- TO SUMMON HIM UP TO DO BATTLE WITH BELIAL!

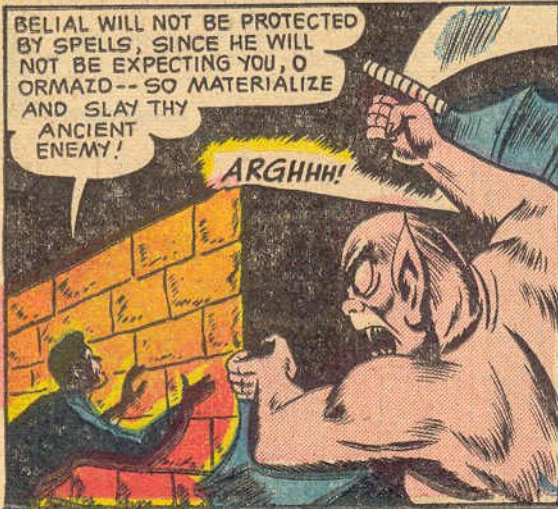


### A STRANGE INCANTATION!

HEAR ME, O MIGHTY ORMAZO!-- APPEAR TO US TO DESTROY THY ARCH-ENEMY, BELIAL-- FOR HE HAS RETURNED TO EARTH TO WREAK EVIL UPON THE INNOCENT ONCE MORE! LET **THIS** BE THE HOUR PREDICTED IN THE SACRED BOOK OF AHURA-MAZDA, WHEN THE GOD OF GOOD SHALL VANQUISH THE GOD OF EVIL!



BELIAL WILL NOT BE PROTECTED BY SPELLS, SINCE HE WILL NOT BE EXPECTING YOU, O ORMAZO-- SO MATERIALIZE AND SLAY THY ANCIENT ENEMY!



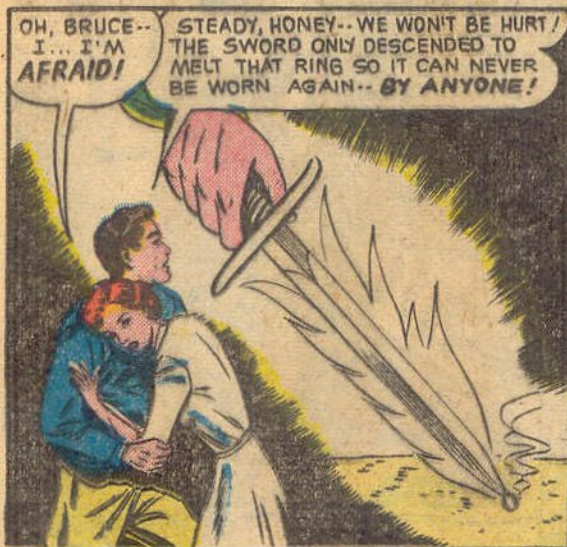
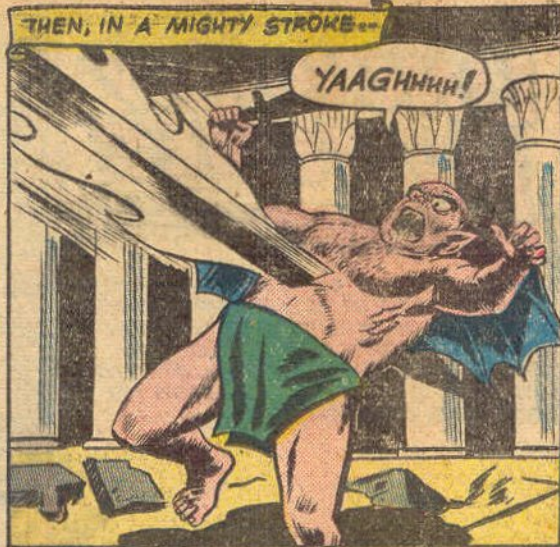
**ARGHHH!**

BRUCE-- IT'S **BELIAL!**

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S-- **TOO LATE!**









# UNCANNY MYSTERIES

THE AFRICAN WERE-JACKALS

ON THE RHODESIAN-CONGO BORDER, AT THE NORTH-EASTERN PORTION OF THE JUUNDU SWAMP, STRANGE RITES HAVE GONE ON FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES-- AND BY FAR THE STRANGEST OF THESE IS THE UNCANNY DANCE OF THE JACKAL, WITNESSED AND SWORN TO BY A FEW WHITE EXPLORERS AND TERRITORIAL COMMISSIONERS!



AT THE HEIGHT OF THE WILD DANCE, THE NATIVE "NYANGA", OR WITCH-DOCTOR, POURS A DRUG CALLED BWLANDI INTO THE MOUTHS OF TWO YOUNG INITIATES WHO HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR THE UNHOLY LYCANTHROPIC RITES...



AND SUDDENLY, IT IS SAID--

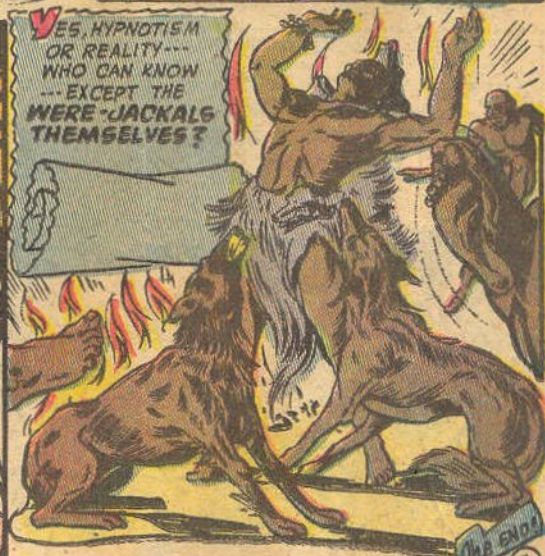


GREAT SCOTT... DO... DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

I---I'M AFRAID I DO! DID IT REALLY HAPPEN ---OR IS IT JUST A CASE OF MASS HYPNOTISM?



YES, HYPNOTISM OR REALITY--- WHO CAN KNOW ---EXCEPT THE WERE-JACKALS THEMSELVES?



THE END!



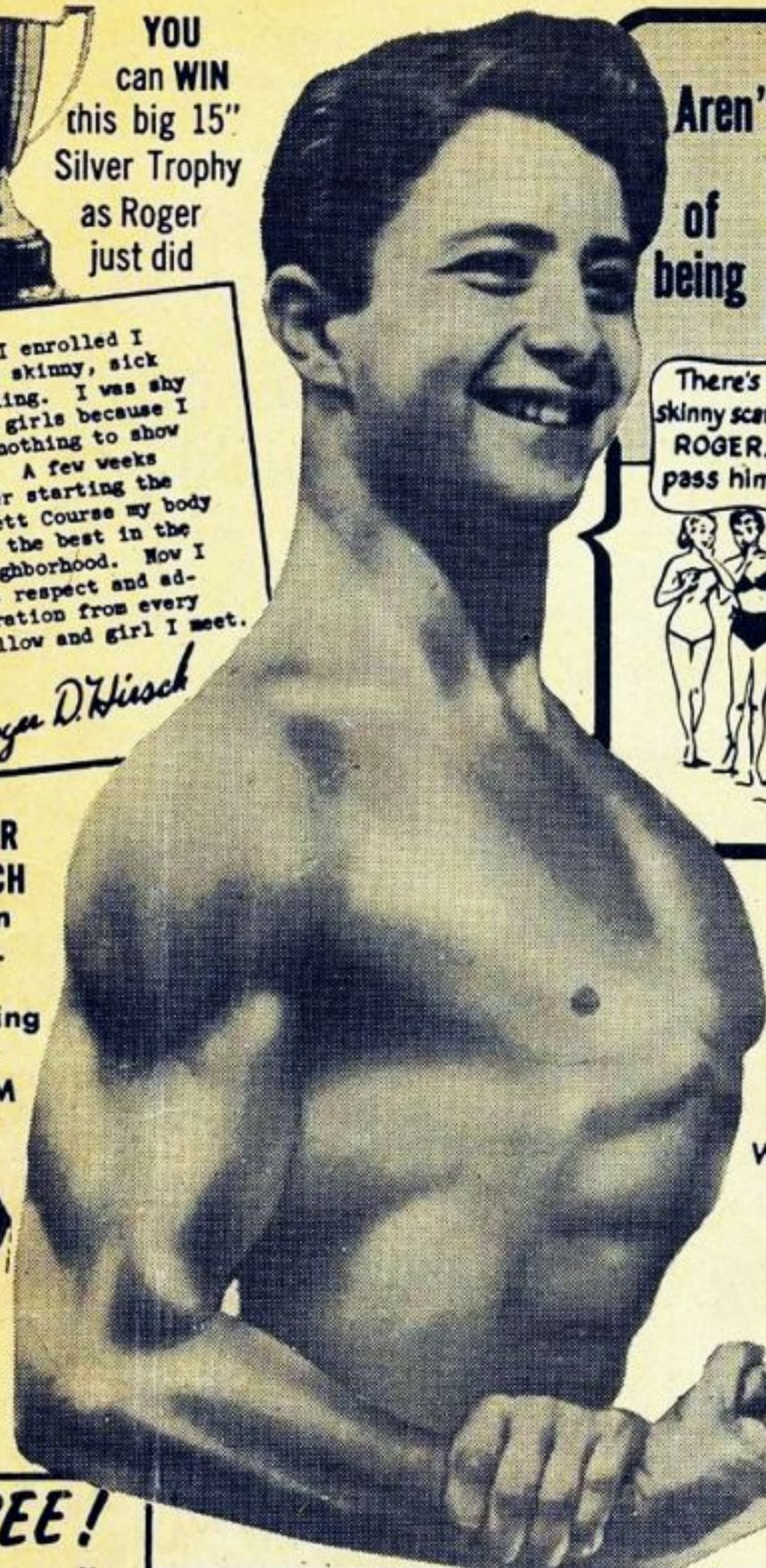


**YOU**  
can WIN  
this big 15"  
Silver Trophy  
as Roger  
just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jovett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

*Roger D. Hirsch*

**ROGER HIRSCH**  
was an  
112 lb.  
6 ft.  
weakling  
LOOK  
AT HIM  
NOW



Aren't **YOU** as **SICK** and Tired as I was  
of being **SKINNY** **CHICKEN-CHESTED**  
**SPINDLE-ARMED**  
**NARROW-SHOULDERED**  
**SHORT-WINDED**  
**WEAK, HALF-ALIVE**  
**JEERED, BULLIED** ?

There's that  
skinny scarecrow  
ROGER. Let's  
pass him by!



**Then do as I did...**  
**MAIL THE COUPON BELOW**

**I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle**  
**I added 6½ inches to my CHEST**  
**3 inches to each ARM**

**And the rest in proportion —**  
**ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS**  
**by using the JOWETT SYSTEM**

**for building Real HE-MEN**

Come on, PAL, Now **YOU** give me  
**10** pleasant Minutes a Day  
in your own home... and I'll  
give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**  
for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says **GEORGE F. JOWETT**  
**World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN**

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

**YES!** You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR ARMS.** Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK** and **SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, a WINNER** in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!

- World's wrestling and wt. lifting champ
- World's Strongest Arms.
- 4 times "World's Perfect Body" Winner.



George F. Jovett  
Whom experts call "Champion of Champions"

**FREE!**

If you mail coupon NOW

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